Paul Robeson drawn by VICKY

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Laying the Ghost of Peron

THE immediate cause of President Peron's fall is not far to seek. The rebel commanders (mainly naval officers) succeeded in moving a substantial element of the Argentine fleet into the mouth of the River Plate and threatening the immediate bombardment of Buenos Aires. In the face of this threat, the Peron administration had virtually no alternative but to surrender; and the first stage of the rebellion was completed in a bare 72 hours.

The next step, the replacement of the nine-year-old Peronist dictatorship with a stable form of civilian Government is much less sure. For the moment, Argentina is under the provisional presidency of General Lenardi, who had been removed from a military command in 1951 on the suspicion of plotting against Peron. He seems to have taken over with very little serious resistance. Nevertheless, it may be rash to assume that popular feeling has swung fiercely anti-Peronist. So far, the rebellion has been an affair purely of armed force. But the social forces which lie behind it are a combination of *ancien régime* officers, hereditary owners of property and the Roman Catholic church; and their purpose is to restore, in the name of democracy, the privileges of the church and the ruling-class oligarchy. In order to achieve these objectives, the rebels will have to begin, before long, to take political decisions. And this is where their troubles may really begin.

Peron had undoubtedly engineered a considerable amount of social progress within a quasi-fascist political system. It is worth recalling at the moment of his fall that he was, in the first place, elected to power by a genuine popular vote, as the symbol of revolt by the younger officers against the corruption of the oligarchy which preceded him. It is also significant that his remarkable success has been based very largely upon the organisation of the Peronist trade union organisation and upon the apparent devotion and loyalty of the "shirtless ones"—the *descamisados*. It is true that the elaborately staged Peronist demonstration in Buenos Aires on the first of this month seems to have been somewhat less successful than usual in securing mass support; and it may be that many of Peron's recent political actions—designed to bring him into alliance with the Left—are explained by a sense that he was gradually losing the overwhelming backing of the workers that he and his wife had won for themselves in their earlier days.

That, however, if true, may not make things very much easier for the new regime. Indeed, what makes this revolution of much wider interest than the ordinary South American presidential *fracas* is its effect of putting Peron's "Caesarism" to the vital test. For Peron was not unique as a political phenomenon in the modern world. He may be compared, not only with the late President Vargas of Brazil but, even more pertinently, with Colonel Nasser in Egypt. In each case, a corrupt and semi-feudal "democracy" has been abolished in the name of social reform, equalisation of property and the ending of imperialism. Till now, Peron has survived the longest of the 20th-century Caesars. His faults are obvious: the regime was in all ways tyrannical and in many ways cruel and incompetent: in no way was it Socialist. Yet it was based on popular support; and to hold that support, Peron offered larger and larger social bribes to the "shirtless ones" and the unions.

What will now be put to the test of events is the degree of real social content in the Peronist reforms. If Peron succeeded, whatever his motives, in establishing among the masses in Argentina the first realisation of political and economic purpose and of the power of working-class organisation—the spark, in fact, of that divine discontent which in the end ignites the dynamite of genuine democracy—then his opponents will not be able to undo his work. In that event historians may decide that there has been a progressive aspect to his tyranny—rather as they do when they discuss today the long-term result of the Tudor monarchs.

The News in Review

SINCE the Adenauer and the Ulbricht missions to Moscow, it has become clear that no progress towards the reunification of Germany can be made for the present; and the reason is that the Paris Treaties integrated a rearmed West Germany into Nato. As Herr Ulbricht observed this week, "the treaty [providing that Soviet troops shall remain in East Germany as long as western troops stay in the Federal Republic] which will be concluded between the German Democratic Republic and the Soviet Union . . . testifies to the fact that the whole of Germany will never come under the dictatorship of Nato and West German militarism." Thus the Foreign Ministers know in advance of their Geneva meeting that they will be no nearer any permanent political solution of the German problem when they separate. Both sides, indeed, may well feel that the change in atmosphere since the "summit talks" has made even this most intractable of problems a little less urgent of solution than it seemed some months ago. Meanwhile Soviet diplomacy is being deployed to create the most favourable conditions for the sort of solution to which Moscow is looking in the long term. It is clearly believed in the Kremlin that West German intransigence can be gradually softened by increased contacts between East and West; and this purpose threads together the various diplomatic moves of the last two weeks. First came full recognition of the Federal Republic; and this formal protocol was coupled with less formal agreements about expanding trade and returning prisoners. Now comes the East German Treaty, which winds up the Soviet High Commission in East Germany and affirms the need for a final peace treaty with a united Germany. From now on, if the Federal Republic wishes to discuss matters which are in dispute with the other half of Germany—frontier problems, most obviously, but trade and prisoners perhaps as well—it will presumably have to do so direct with the Grotewohl Government, which at present it will not recognise. Thus, willy-nilly, the two Germanies will be thrust together; and increasing intercourse is likely to mean increasing reluctance to accept as a necessity the division of Germany. It is no coincidence that the return of the Porkkala base has been announced in the same week. For a small strategic price, the Kremlin has embarrassed the U.S. with a "peace" gesture which will not pass unnoticed in Germany.

THE amnesty offer to the Malayan Communist guerrillas seems to have produced negligible results. A summons to surrender coupled with a promise of lenient treatment—which is what it amounts to—can hardly hope to succeed unless an enemy faces military disaster. There is little evidence that the Communists of Malaya are as yet desperate. The amnesty idea was pressed on the British authorities by the new nationalist leaders. But it only makes sense if it is coupled with some kind of willingness to tolerate the Malayan Communists as a political party provided they renounce the use of force. The hope that Malayan Communism can be simply extirpated is a pipe-dream; and some day the nationalist leaders will have to come to terms with it. There is evidence that they would have preferred to try to do so at once but that the British authorities on the spot were all against this. How does the new Malayan Cabinet propose to end the struggle which, as long as it keeps large British forces in the country, will prevent the achievement of independence? A far-sighted political approach would be to try to enlist the practical sympathy of India for the foundation of a democratic, independent Malaya. Why not invite India to become a member of the commission which, it is proposed, shall map the next stages of Malaya's advance to independence? If Mr. Nehru once showed that he is firmly set on seeing Malaya an independent liberal democracy, not a Communist satellite of China, then Peking would probably feel bound to urge the Malayan Communists into constitutional courses.

THE new agreement reached between the Rhodesian Selection Trust and the European Mineworkers' Union in Northern Rhodesia on African advancement in the copper industry ends the first round of a ten years' struggle. It is now agreed that Africans will be allowed to advance into skilled jobs hitherto reserved for Europeans. During the next two years, it is expected that 1,200 Africans will move into 24 different categories of skilled work. In the background of this sudden change of heart is to be seen a series of shocks experienced by the European miners during this year. At the beginning of the year, Europeans were openly black-legging during the African strike in an attempt to break the African union: they were authoritatively told that if this became known to the international trade union movement, the copper they were producing would not be handled in any part of the world. They then tried to secure financial support from the South African miners in aid of their campaign to perpetuate segregation, but again found that this would isolate them from international trade unionists. It is the back-stage pressure by international trade unionism which has been the decisive factor. The next stage will come when the African unions demand an increased wage scale for the unskilled miners—the bulk of their membership.

NEXT Thursday Indonesians will go to the poll for the first time in the history of their republic. And, having elected a House of Representatives, they will poll a second time on December 15, this time for a Constituent Assembly. Like Pakistan, Indonesia's political life has been bedevilled and confused by personalities, and anything might happen in this first appeal to the electorate of 42 millions spread over an area as wide as that from the Lakes of Killarney to the Caspian Sea. Political programmes mean very little, and, as far as achievement goes, there is little to choose between the Masjumi (a Muslim party in a country which is 90 per cent. Muslim) and the P.N.I. (a nationalist party) and their respective satellites. But the P.N.I. Government fell in August in an atmosphere of alleged, and some real, corruption in high places, which even their Communist supporters seem loth to condemn. The Masjumi and the Socialists (who always remained somewhat arrogantly aloof from taking Cabinet posts until now) will undoubtedly make the most of scandals in high places and a difficult economic situation. The 26 political parties, based on religion, nationalism and Marxism and a variety of permutations and combinations, have all adopted symbols; and trees, bridges, houses and buildings are already plastered with them in the main cities. But it is the millions of peasants living in the villages who will largely determine whether Islam or Marxism is the dominant motive in the new Parliament.

THE deficit of more than £19 million in the Coal Board's accounts for the second quarter of this year is a serious matter. £6,700,000 of it is caused by the loss on imported coal. Another factor is the wage-structure introduced in April, at a cost of about £3,500,000 a quarter. Yet another is to be found in the Yorkshire coal strike this May, and in the June railway strike, which held up stocking for the winter. A fourth is the general rise in costs other than wages—for example, stores and repairs. Finally there is the fact that, with the Board's development programme now fully under way, more labour is being used in capital and exploratory projects which bring no immediate return in saleable output—and often even interfere with it. With all these adverse factors in operation, the Board's average deficit on each ton sold was 3s. 1d. last quarter. Only the East Midland coalfields still showed surpluses. The very high cost of imported coal is due largely to much higher freight rates, themselves the consequence of the increase in imports. For American coal, freight charges have risen from 33s. 4d. a ton twelve months ago to 61s. The Government has already announced its intention to cut exports as soon as it can in order to reduce the need for imports; but this is only a palliative. The urgent need is for more coal and for more miners to get it.

We must, however, expect the cost of coal to go on rising. Mr. Schumacher said in his address to the N.C.B. Summer School at Oxford that the output of the coal industry from its existing pits falls by four or five million tons each year in the absence of new expenditure on reconstruction, and that, as dying pits have to be replaced by new workings from which coal is harder and more costly to get, it takes a large and rising annual investment for output even to maintain its present level. Mr. Schumacher also pointed out that there had not been time since "vesting day" for major reconstructions to come into effect, but that, at the collieries at which schemes of reconstruction (mainly the smaller schemes) have been completed, output has risen by 10 per cent., compared with 1 per cent. in collieries due for reconstruction and 1.2 per cent. in collieries where no major change is planned, and with a fall of nearly 15 per cent. in the pits which are nearing the end of their productive life. Mr. Schumacher added that over the past eight years investment in the coal mines has amounted only to about £300 million, of which £200 million has been for replacements and only £100 million for net investment—this last being only about 4d. out of every £1 of net investment in the British economy. In future years, he urged, a great deal more would be needed.

He went on to scout the idea that atomic power could at all speedily replace coal or lead to a reduction in demand, and said that investment in oil fuel was a great deal heavier than in coal in relation to the energy produced. Emphasising the gravity of the situation, he said the industry could feel proud of its achievement in raising annual output by some 30 million tons since "vesting day" and attacked ill-founded statements about its coming supersession. In taking this line he was clearly right. Coal is the source of nine-tenths of our total fuel supply today. Even if its share were to fall to no more than a half, its output would need to be greatly increased in order to meet the prospective increase in the total demand for fuel over the second half of the century.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

The Long Fight Back

Our New York Correspondent writes: Although the witch hunt has subsided, the after-effects are still making themselves felt. The late Senator McCarran's Internal Security Act of 1950 is still on the books. The law not only severely penalises members of the Communist Party but also members of vaguely defined "Communist-front" and "Communist-infiltrated" organisations. Last week the American Communist Party filed an appeal to the Supreme Court against a decision of a lower court under the Act. What is particularly encouraging is that 360 citizens, many of them well known and all of them non-Communist, have filed a "friend of the court" action in the case in which they state that the Act "threatens loss of liberty more gravely and eminently than any minority political movement could ever threaten it." It would have been unthinkable a couple of years ago for such ordinary citizens to have the temerity to be associated with Communists even in a court action concerning constitutional issues. One of the signers is Senator MacNamara of Michigan who said that, "while I abhor the Communist Party," he was "happy" to join with the others in protesting against the Act because it "attempts to take away the basic right of free association guaranteed to the American people by the Bill of Rights." Other petitioners were the Right Rev. Charles K. Gilbert, retired Protestant Episcopal bishop of New York and Rabbi Leo Jung of the New York Jewish Centre.

Meanwhile several other legal actions have been instituted, all designed to assert individual rights. A union organiser has appealed against a conviction for contempt of Congress and has challenged the right of a committee of that body to compel testimony about "past and reformed associates" already known to it. John Watkins, of the United Auto Workers, was convicted last May because he refused to answer certain questions of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. He had answered all questions about himself and his activities, but contended it would be wrongful to testify about former associates who had abandoned the Communist movement. "The very idea of Congressional committee exposure for the sake of exposure, unrelated to a legislative purpose, is incompatible with our constitutional system," Watkins stated in his appeal. New challenges also have been made against the legality of the Army programme for giving "other than honourable" discharges to conscript Servicemen in security risk cases. The victims contend they should get a type of discharge based on their military careers—not on activities or associations alleged to have occurred before joining up. The Army has invoked "undesirable" discharges against such conscripts not only during the two-years military service for which they are called up, but also at any time in their subsequent six-years inactive reserve status. An undesirable discharge can impose severe disabilities in civilian life. Such a discharge precludes ex-Servicemen's benefits in some States and is a bar to public employment, virtually all defence industry employment and most other private employment where the discharge certificate has to be shown. At least four court cases have been instituted to restrain the Army from giving undesirable discharges. None of these cases has yet been decided. Much will rest on them. But civil libertarians here are encouraged that the victims are fighting back. And they are satisfied that the fight is once more within the framework of legal institutions. Hysteria has been repelled and the rule of law is returning.

Paris

Industrial Violence

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The wave of industrial unrest, which began at St. Nazaire in June, is slowly spreading throughout France. Metal workers in Nantes, transport workers in Paris, steel-workers in the Meurthe and Moselle, and construction workers in numerous areas are already on strike or threatening "direct action." France appears to be again on the verge of a social explosion similar to the one which, in August, 1953, paralysed the country's economic life for nearly a month. Similar movements have recently been reported from other western European countries, but in France the situation is potentially far more dangerous because of the lack of effective machinery for arbitration—and, indeed, of a Government wage-policy. Demands for higher wages begin at the base, forcing union leaders into action; they immediately come up against intransigent opposition from employers; violence breaks out; and the employers then turn to the Government with requests for "the re-establishment of order." This has been the pattern of events at St. Nazaire and Nantes, where battalions of Civil Guards have used truncheons and tear-gas to break up meetings of workers. Hence, negotiations and compromises are only brought about after street fighting, and even—as at Nantes—after loss of life.

Meanwhile, despite the growing social crisis, the Faure Government remains obsessively occupied by North African affairs. Last week there were sessions of both the Cabinet sub-committees set up to deal with the Moroccan problem, and a lengthy meeting of the full Cabinet; but neither the composition of the Regency Council nor the manner in which Ben Arafa is to abdicate have yet been settled. The September 12 deadline has now been left far behind, and all hope of producing a psychological shock—similar to the one provided by Mendés-France's Tunis speech in July, 1954—which would create a new climate in Franco-Moroccan relations, has now been abandoned. Besides, even if the Government finally agrees on a solution, it is questionable whether it still possesses sufficient prestige and cohesion to enforce it on the *colons*. What is worse, the deterioration of the industrial situation means that when the Assembly reconvenes M. Faure can no longer count on the support, in the last resort, of the Socialists and the C.P. Although both parties, broadly speaking, approve of his Moroccan policy, they may find it impossible to vote for a Government which has, in recent months, so consistently sided with Big Business against the workers. Finally, a statement by M. Teitgen on Tuesday seems to imply that the M.R.P. are also on the point of withdrawing support from the Government.

Japan's Destiny

I REMEMBER, during the war, asking Americans what they intended to do with the Japanese after victory. The reply I recall best was "Kill all the yellow bastards," but all the answers were variants on the theme that no forgiveness was possible for the perpetrators of Pearl Harbor. Of course, events have proved that the good-natured American people are just as quick to exchange enemies and partners as the British have so often been to switch backwards and forwards between enduring friendship and eternal enmity with the French, the Germans, and the Russians. So swiftly and thoroughly has the healing hand of time (aided by fear of the Soviet Union) done its work in this generation that a well-known American columnist could write, about two years ago, that it was "now quite safe to rearm the Japanese because they were all 100 per cent. loyal to the Mikado, and the Mikado was 100 per cent. loyal to the United States."

The State Department and the Kremlin are, of course, both well aware that a rearmed Japan will be loyal, not to any outside Power, but to the interests of those who control its arms. Both, therefore, have strong strategic reasons for hoping to dominate Japan. The Japanese, on the other hand, have only economic reasons for desiring good relations with either giant block. Politically their idea is to play them off against each other; the political thaw made the moment seem particularly propitious for sending envoys to negotiate both with America and Russia. In the talks that have just ended in Washington, Mr. Shigemitsu has vainly tried to persuade Mr. Dulles that America can now safely abandon her Japanese bases on the assurance of an allied Japanese army of 180,000 ground effectives; in reply he has learnt that America requires Japan to have an army of twice that size and does not think Japan either strong enough nor sufficiently reliable politically to be left alone to face the Communist world. Similarly, after three months of argument with the Soviet ambassador in London, the Japanese envoy, Mr. Matsumoto, has been recalled to Tokyo without having won any concessions. The Russians will not evacuate the Kurile Islands or South Sakhalin, or even at present—though here some hope seems to have been held out—Habomai and Shikotan. Nor are the Russians more immediately encouraging than the Americans about the release of war prisoners who, the Russians insist, are all war criminals. Mr. Shigemitsu received the dustier welcome on his return to Japan. Mr. Matsumoto can hold out some hope that he may return to negotiations with the Russians who, it is thought, after the promise of return of prisoners to Dr. Adenauer, may also think it worth while gaining some popularity at the expense of the Americans. Mr. Shigemitsu returns to a country where the Japanese people are already showing impatience with American occupation. In some cases they are even putting up physical resistance to American projects for enlarging their bases. The Americans incur the unpopularity of actually having GIs on Japanese soil. The Russians can make a virtue of not being an occupying power.

The parallel between Germany and Japan, both defeated, smashed, and now rapidly recovering, is obvious; East and West are both willing to pay heavily to win to their side the support of a highly disciplined, industrious and potentially decisive ex-enemy. In both cases, it is still doubtful which way the cat will jump when it is sufficiently independent to jump at all. But the difference between the positions of Germany

and Japan is that Japan is almost helpless except within a "prosperity sphere." Just because she lacks raw materials and is so grossly over-populated, her desperation may be dangerous. The West is apt to forget that Japan's population at the last census was 88 millions; that her total area is less than that of California; and—although there are northern areas that are still not developed—that only 17 per cent. of her soil is at present arable.

In the competition between East and West for the adhesion of Japan, the Communist world has some clear advantages. The natural solution for Japan's economic dilemma—a solution she has sought in repeated invasions—is a common economy with the Asiatic mainland, in which the Chinese market is immeasurably the most important. The Japanese are far too much attached to their homes to succeed as emigrants; like bees, they must return to the hive or die. They do not colonise; but their armies and merchants have sought in the past, and may do again if they get the chance, to win for Japan a dominant position throughout China and South-east Asia. Without the coal of Manchuria and the Chinese market to absorb the fruits of their abundant ingenuity, it is hard to see how they can live. Today they are effectively prevented from developing normal trade relations with Peking by an American embargo which forbids them to sell any of their engineering products to China in exchange for coal and soya beans. Inevitably, Japanese business men, with no political bias towards Peking, resent this embargo. Inevitably, too, the party alignments tend to group themselves round the American-Chinese struggle; inevitably, the Prime Minister has to play a balancing game. His chief card is, of course, an argument for a stronger Japan, because only in strength can the Japanese emerge from their tutelage and decide on a balance of their own interests whether to lean towards the American anti-Communist alliance or towards the Communist bloc. Japan's most disinterested friends today may advise her to lean as little as possible to one side or the other; Mr. Nehru's policy of non-commitment seems the best for Japan and for world peace. If, however, Japan is ever driven to the final choice, it must be remembered that the Japanese are an Asiatic people who have been temporarily, if superficially, allied to the West, but who are probably, in the long run, for economic and geographical reasons, likely to throw in their lot with Asia.

Today, with the United Sates as the occupying Power, the rulers of Japan must be pro-American, even if, like Hatoyama at the last election, they find it wise to please the electorate by promises of good relations with Peking. But if we look for influences behind today's political manœuvres, we must recall that, through most of Japan's history, she has been ruled by Shoguns. For six years, MacArthur was, to all intents and purposes, Shogun. He ordered the Japanese to have democratic institutions, and this, of course, appealed to the younger and the western educated, who already read immense numbers of western books, keep abreast of the scientific techniques of the West, and are eager to adapt their institutions to the wishes of their western customers and patrons. MacArthur's very genuine effort to give Japan a western outlook, his measures to break up the great industrial combines, and parcel out the great feudal estates amongst the small peasants, were submissively, and even gratefully, accepted. But already in 1955 the Zaibatzu are again swallowing up the independent business concerns, and in some degree the land, too, is once more falling into the hands of the few. Japan has not had a revolution; she has merely, on the surface at least, moved a stage nearer to the West. The Emperor remains a venerated and now a popular figure. The numbers who regard him as a god are no doubt reduced, and his constitutional position is now not unlike that of the monarch in Britain. But unless experienced and unprejudiced observers are wrong, Japan is still capable of a quick return to a dictatorship.

The Japanese people do not display themselves to western eyes. This does not mean that they are consciously playing a deep and cunning game; it means only that their polite replies, their smiling faces, and western manners, are a fashion, like their adoption of western dress. Recently in talking to people in Tokyo or Kyoto, I constantly felt that I was communicating only, as it were, with the front of their brains; their attitude to us westerners is very much that of self-assured children, immersed in their occupations, towards insensitive but powerful grown-ups. They may not be having many deep thoughts which they leave unexpressed; their minds may only be half awakened. In any case they are only giving us half their attention; the deeper levels of their consciousness are waiting for the word and the sign that recalls the past and is genuinely Japanese.

I recall how wrong most of us of all parties and philosophies were about the Germans in the '20s. D. H. Lawrence, who, quite soon after the first World War, heard, afar off, the coming tramp of primitive Germany, was the best observer. When the Nazis came to power, the Russians and the western Marxists interpreted Hitler in terms of the class war. They saw Nazidom, correctly enough, as a counter-revolution against the threat of proletarian Socialism, but they did not understand that Hitler had invoked to his aid a primitive Germany, which long pre-dated feudalism. The Germans who invaded Russia and stayed loyal to Hitler up to the end included tens of thousands who had voted Communist only a few years before. Now, if a mad German of genius could persuade a people who were as much part of the West as the Germans to respond to an appeal to their Nordic gods, how much more easily can a return to the primitive be expected in a country whose contact with democracy, tolerance, and the rational process of science is so recent as Japan's? In Japan today we may wonder, and wonder again, how a people as courteous, kindly and clever as the Japanese are in their homes, became, outside their own country, the obedient tools and torturers under whom western prisoners suffered on the jungle railway. The answer must be that an appeal had been made to the Japanese as a herd; they did not respond as the individuals we know in their own homes.

Japan today awaits its new Shogun. The new forces of western civilisation are now conspicuous; they dominate the press and the political processes that MacArthur stimulated. Given time, the young Socialists and liberals of Japan may establish themselves, and may be able, like their colleagues in India, to make their terms with the Chinese. But they must have time. The essential factor, which now gives the forces of civilisation a chance in Japan, is the absence of a powerful army. It was young officers, with feudal traditions and an utter contempt for everything except *bushido*, who during the pre-war period, murdered scores of the rational and liberal leaders who sought a peaceful solution for Japan's national problems. America's decision to help this Asiatic country to rearm, on the assumption that it will be a bulwark against Asiatic Communism, may prove one of the greatest of historical errors.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

First Glimpse of the TV Monster

COMMERCIAL TV, which began on Thursday, is the offspring of a strange shot-gun marriage. Public dissatisfaction with the B.B.C. service was the reluctant father, and about twenty Conservative back-benchers, mainly from the advertising world, the eager mother. But in the long process of birth, in which the Government played the part of a fumbling, uncertain Mrs. Gamp, the infant changed its character. Sponsored TV would have been a natural sequel to full employment and a rising standard of living. Expenditure on advertising had expanded rapidly since the war—at an annual rate of nearly 20 per cent.—but it was clear by 1950 that some new and more effective medium was required if the vast new consumer goods markets were to be fully exploited. Television was the obvious answer. But the Television Act, which finally received the Royal Assent on July 30, 1954, was principally motivated by quite another idea—the need to provide an alternative service to the B.B.C. Hence, instead of the privately owned TV stations of America, the Government produced a monolithic giant, whose feet are firmly planted in the commercial mire, but whose head is in the clouds of State control.

The structure has three layers: at the top, a public authority (I.T.A.), whose ten members are appointed by the Postmaster-General, which builds and owns the stations and controls the programmes; in the middle, a series of specially created private companies, or "contractors," who rent the stations and produce the programmes; at the bottom, the advertisers themselves, who buy time from the contractors. No programmes are to be sponsored, commercials must be "clearly distinguishable as such" and "recognisably separate" from the programmes, and they may occupy only six minutes in every hour telecast. So the Act, instead of unleashing the floodgates of commercialism, let through only a manageable trickle—and it proved a big disappointment to the world of business. When the original Government White Paper was published in 1953, there were 98 applications from contractors. But by the time the Act had taken shape and firm applications had been invited (August, 1954), the number had shrunk to 28, and of these only six fulfilled the (unofficial) qualification of a minimum capital of £2½m. Commercial TV's reception on the market was thus distinctly lukewarm, and during the censure debate of November, 1954, the Government admitted that the I.T.A. had been forced to canvass for contractors.

In recent months, however, some confidence has been restored, and the first three stations (London, Birmingham—due to begin in January, 1956—and Manchester—due to begin next autumn) have all found contractors; indeed, the last two contracts, announced last week, were awarded only after strenuous bidding from six rival companies. Of the four contractors, one, Granada TV, is controlled entirely by entertainment interests. Associated Rediffusion, which will produce the mid-week programmes on the London station, is a combine of Associated Newspapers (*Daily Mail* group), which holds some 40 per cent. of the stock, and Rediffusion radio

services, a company with 20 years' experience in the commercial radio field. Associated Broadcasting Company, the biggest of the four, which is the contractor for the week-end London programmes and the mid-week Birmingham programmes, is controlled by the Prince Littler entertainment empire and a group of four Birmingham newspapers. These newspapers (which belong to the Iliffe and Westminster Press chains) also hold a minority of the shares in the fourth contracting group, Associated British Cinemas TV, where the largest block of shares (35 per cent.) is held by the American firm of Warner Bros. This group will provide programmes for week-end services on both the Birmingham and Manchester stations.

The financial aspects of Commercial TV are complex and, in some respects, mysterious. The two contractors which are already telecasting have already invested up to £2½m. each in capital equipment alone; together with Associated British Cinemas TV, they are paying I.T.A. a rental of approximately £1½m. a year; and they are believed to have invested up to £500,000 each in programmes and contracts. What chance have they of becoming financially viable? Assuming all time is sold it is estimated that during the first full year of operations (on all stations) over £18m. will be spent on advertising. There are, however, indications that the two most remunerative categories, 60-second spots (from £350-£1,000 each) and "documentaries" (£4,500), are by no means booked up. In the last week, both contractors have offered facilities for five-second stills at an average cost of £50 each. During the initial period, therefore, the charge that Commercial TV will benefit mainly big firms may well prove unjustified; but if the medium becomes commercially successful, the tendency will undoubtedly be towards expensive, long-term contracts which will prove well beyond the financial means of small firms.

Most people in the Commercial TV world are reasonably confident that TV will be able to sell products, and even the Newspaper Society, in a pamphlet, grudgingly admits that "it is wise to count upon TV advertising having a sound, expanding future." PEP, indeed, estimates that TV's share of total advertising revenue will increase from 5.7 per cent. in 1956 to 10 per cent. in 1958. However, at the moment, even in the London area, only an estimated 530,000 sets (out of a total of 1,580,000) can receive Channel III. TV advertising will be, in its initial stages, six times as costly as newspaper advertising; and even by next autumn it will cost 50 per cent. more. Moreover, an effective system of market rating cannot be brought into existence overnight, and it will be at least six months before advertisers will have an accurate idea of what they are getting for their money. In the meantime, contractors will have to recoup production losses by selling British-made TV films to American stations. Lower British production costs may well make this export trade an important and permanent part of their income.

The decisive factor will be how much freedom the contractors will enjoy. Thanks to the efforts of the Labour Party and the Establishment, the TV Monster—in theory at least—is to be trussed up in a strait-jacket of controls. Religious programmes—or even charity appeals—cannot be presented without I.T.A.'s approval. A number of products, such as bust-developers, are banned. No prizes of "significant value" may be offered. Above all, "due impartiality" must be preserved on matters of "political and industrial controversy" and "current public policy"; programmes designed to serve the interests of any political party—except the official B.B.C. Party Political Broadcasts—are forbidden, discussions must be "properly balanced," and news must be presented "with due accuracy and impartiality." To enforce these somewhat ambiguous rules, the I.T.A. is empowered to cancel projected programmes, levy fines (£500 for the first offence, rising to £1,500 for the third), and, if necessary, revoke contractors' licences. The Postmaster-General also possesses wide discretionary powers. But the way in which the I.T.A. will operate this system of controls has yet to emerge, and it is not even clear whether censorship is to be exercised directly by the I.T.A., by previewing scripts, or whether it is to be a voluntary one, operated by the contractors themselves. A large number of scripts have, in fact, already been submitted to I.T.A. officials, but it is generally expected that the second system will eventually be used.

In the realm of political and news commentaries, commercial TV will probably enjoy considerably more real freedom than the B.B.C. News bulletins, for which fixed times have been permanently allotted, are to be the exclusive province of Independent Television News, a separate company set up by A.B.C. and A.-R., under the direction of Mr. Aidan Crawley. I.T.N. will thus be directly responsible to the Authority, but the exigencies of deadlines will prevent its scripts from being pre-censored, and no day-to-day contact with the I.T.A. is envisaged. As for the so-called "14-day rule," I.T.N. is waiting until Parliament reassembles before it formulates its policy. Its officials are convinced that the rule will prove unworkable—where is the dividing line, they ask, between news comment and "discussion"?—and Mr. Crawley has announced publicly that the regulation cannot be fulfilled unless he receives regular lists of forbidden subjects from the Postmaster-General. In the discussion programmes announced by the contractors, the issue is much clearer, but here again it seems likely that they will be livelier than on the B.B.C., and that contractors will have a much freer hand in their choice of M.P.s.

Finally, a few guesses about the future. Nobody in the business believes that the present legislative structure of Commercial TV is permanent. Many of the clauses of the Act, as the Government admitted, were purposely left vague. During its gestation period, it was considerably modified under public pressure, and doubtless this process will continue. Commercial TV will have to steer a cautious way between the Scylla of B.B.C. inhibitions and the Charybdis of commercial vulgarity—and many people are convinced it will combine the worst features of both. The new services are unlikely to hit upon the right formula—either from a financial or from an entertainment point of view—at the first try, and big changes will have to be expected within the first year. A shrewd guess is that either advertising revenues will prove inadequate, in which case the contractors will have to be partly financed out of licensing revenue; or that, in order to attract advertising, existing controls will be progressively relaxed. In the second case, the Labour Party's contention that the present Act is the thin end of the wedge will prove abundantly justified. At the moment, the TV Monster is anxious to please and is on his best behaviour; but when he finds he has to earn his keep, his mood may change. Mr. Morrison's description of Commercial TV as "an enemy of reasonable culture" rings a little hollow at present. But in a year's time, will it be so wide of the mark?

London Diary

Is there really anything fresh to get excited about in this week's Burgess and Maclean revelations? The answer is that we did not know that they were professional agents with all the apparatus of espionage. They were not, as at first seemed possible, fellow travellers who had carelessly given away secrets at an earlier stage and thereby become subject to Soviet blackmail. We also know that the Secret Service was watching everything Maclean did, and was clumsy enough to allow him to be tipped off by another agent, or arouse his suspicions by withholding secret information from him. Does any important political moral follow? Only that someone has been prevaricating. It is no use for the Foreign Office to pretend that it could not say anything definite until the Petrov interrogation was complete; on its own showing Maclean had been identified as an agent before he made his get-away. Possibly the Secret Service which, understandably, likes to be secret, may not have told the Ministers all it knew; this would not surprise old Government hands who know that only the Prime Minister is always able to know what the Security Service is up to. In that case, Herbert Morrison, Hector McNeil, Lord Reading and other Tory Ministers who have repeatedly assured the public that nothing was really known about Burgess and Maclean (except that Maclean had an excellent Eton record and was liked by all who knew him) were not lying, but merely repeating well-tried formulæ sanctified by usage. If, on the other hand, some Ministers were aware of all that the Foreign Office now admits that it knew, then the House of Commons has been deliberately misled. In that case, there will be ructions, for this is the one Ministerial sin that M.P.s do not easily forgive. When Lord John Hope, speaking with the authority of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, says that if anyone is to blame it is the Ministers, no one would be impressed. Technically, of course, civil servants are never called to account; Ministers always take the blame. The advantage of this assumption is that everyone knows it may not be true. In that way, civil servants are protected by the doctrine of Ministerial responsibility, and Ministers are, in effect, protected because it seems too bad to hit the poor fellows hard when everyone knows that the facts of life have been kept from them.

* * *

The joke about Mr. Attlee's interview with Percy Cudlipp last week was that it appeared in the *News Chronicle*. This was not any kind of an accident, but a deliberate and well-deserved slap at the *Daily Herald*. The Labour Party Executive is actively discussing the *Daily Herald*, which, financially, is 51 per cent. controlled by Odhams and 49 per cent. by the T.U.C. The understanding has always been that the *Herald* should conform to official Labour policy. The Movement as a whole is furious because the *Herald* let Labour down in the election, and, ever since the appointment of Mr. Ainsworth to its editorial staff, has seemed mainly anxious to become a kind of daily edition of the *People*. The interview itself was not important. Mr. Attlee said to his old friend Cudlipp what he had so often said before—he would be glad, at the age of seventy-two, to retire, if the Party is ready to let him. After his warning illness, his wife is naturally anxious for him to be released from the strain of leadership. The *Herald*, by way of retort, published an article next day suggesting that he would, in fact, retire this autumn, and detailing names of possible successors. Several of our brighter columnists have talked as if the fact that Gaitskell will have a majority of votes in the election for Treasurer at the Party Conference is a pointer to the succession. I think they are unwise to speculate, for, as I said last week, the vote for the Party Treasurer is popularly regarded as a technical, not a political, vote. There is nothing to suggest that Nye Bevan has lost any of his immense popularity with the rank-and-file. He is still, and rightly, regarded as one of the most successful of the Labour Ministers, and the most creative mind in the Party. In any case, the matter of Attlee's successor is one for the parliamentary party, not for the Party Conference. There are almost certainly a majority of Labour M.P.s who will be extremely anxious that Mr. Attlee should carry on for another period, since he is the only person who can now be elected unanimously. They are seeking for unity, and are well aware that in the whole of this distressing quarrel the Right has been at least as much to blame for the division of the Party as the Left. Mr. Attlee has made it clear that they must start thinking about his successor, but they have not yet discovered any other leadership under which they could unite.

* * *

Recalling conversations a few months ago in Helsinki, I realise how pleased the Finns must be that the Russians have decided to evacuate Porkkala. The Kremlin, the Finns say, has been scrupulously correct in its attitude to Finland; the Finns, in their turn, have been careful not to do anything (such as making Tanner a Minister or allowing him to stand as a candidate for the presidency) which would be "provocative" to the Soviet Union. Their newspapers criticise Russia and emphasise their belief in the democratic freedoms which are lacking across the frontier. But they are cautious in their use of words, as well as exceedingly jealous of their autonomy. They know how terribly Leningrad suffered in its long siege, and that the Russians cannot forget that Finnish armies, in the later part of the war, were working with the German armies. They know that the Soviet interest in Finland is primarily strategic and that Porkkala was occupied by the Russians as a strategic safeguard for Leningrad. That the Russians should now give it up suggests to them a further improvement in "neighbourly relations."

* * *

William Clark will make an excellent Public Relations Officer to the Prime Minister. He is genuinely not a party man; he is clever and experienced in this kind of job. I first knew him as British P.R.O. in Chicago during the war; after the war he was, for several years, in charge of American news on this journal. What I should not have expected is that he should desire to take an official job. Of course, he loves to know the inside story, as most of us do, but I should have thought he was the kind of man who would be annoyed at not being able to reveal it. Neither on the *Observer* nor as a B.B.C. figure has one ever thought of him as a shy, blushing violet. The job at 10 Downing Street will bring him into contact with many interesting people, including Lobby correspondents. But it is a silent job. For an almost professional B.B.C. chairman to take it is to drop from the applause (and groans) of the multitude into an honourable and impenetrable anonymity.

* * *

I have always respected Leo Amery as the leading "intellectual" of the Conservative Party. He was a survivor from the Milner imperialists; he had thought out his Conservatism, and it is not surprising that he could also be a member of the Fabian Society, which, under the guidance of Sidney Webb, always gave individual and national liberty a lower priority than order, planning, and the deliberate development of natural resources. Rather oddly, *The Times* obituary omitted two particularly interesting points about Amery. One was that his mother was a Hungarian Jewess, which, I have heard it suggested, gave additional impetus to his fervent imperialism, and the other was that he began his career as a correspondent of the "pro-Boer" *Manchester Guardian*—the newspaper whose politics were, perhaps, furthest removed from his own. C. P. Scott once told me, with great relish, how he had to rescue stocky little Amery, then very young, pugnacious, and utterly fearless, from the Turks; as *Manchester Guardian* correspondent he had replied to a Turkish sentry who barred his way by bashing him with his umbrella. I got to know Amery personally in the anti-Chamberlain struggle before the war, and I once went on a delegation to him when he was Secretary of State for India. I recall how tough and powerful and yet polite he was in rejecting our plea for a broader constitutional offer. But he did not suffer from the delusions of Churchill who really hated going so far as the Cripps Mission. It is also true, however, that Amery could not, I think, have got to the point of really conceding freedom to India, as Attlee did after the war. If the Tories had won the 1945 election, and Amery had been in charge of India, I have no doubt whatever that Britain would have been involved in a hopeless and dishonouring war in India, just as the French were in Viet Nam.

* * *

Poets have to be very careful. In this journal last week one of them described a sow as "a pattern of flesh gone wrong." One of the letters of protest reminds me of another instance of literal-mindedness amongst correspondents. I think it is in his autobiography that William de Morgan tells us that he was rebuked for saying that an author was like a cow in that he needed "a great deal of time on his hands." An indignant correspondent wrote to say that no cow had hands. De Morgan replied, expressing gratitude for the correction, and adding that he had always been very deficient in natural history.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Having had inadequate time to change the other day and, finding myself in a light tweed jacket in the grand circle, I was forced to don dark glasses and pretend to be an American in order to avoid the baleful glances of the company. I think this is a bad thing.—Letter in *Scotsman*. (D. H. Bayes.)

Dan, a four-year-old Alsatian, caught thieves who were stealing metal from the factory.

A factory official said last night: "We wanted to show our appreciation with those gifts but the Chief Constable ruled that police dogs, like policemen, are public servants and not entitled to special award."—*Daily Herald*. (J. W. Atkins.)

Lt. Col. Harry Llewellyn, joint master of the Monmouthshire hounds, has some advice on the killing of foxes—"those people who formerly shot foxes now realise they can have more fun by leaving them to be hunted by hounds."—*News Chronicle*. (R. H. Turner.)

Surely it is the height of bad manners for a man to greet and talk with a woman without first removing his sun glasses. It is a lapse equivalent to a failure to raise the vizor in days gone by. Time and time again one sees photographs of such infringement of the courtesy code.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (K. Jary.)

Splendide Mendax

It is not fair or right to criticise the Foreign Office as such; what is does is done at the order of the Minister responsible.—*The Joint Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.*

Please don't be beastly to
Loyal officials, who
Cannot be forced to tell
Tales out of school.
Foreign Affairs, as such,
Must not be known too much—
Comment is indiscreet,
Silence the rule!

When the world wondered where
Vanished the "missing" pair,
When rumour ran to earth
Diplomat "spies,"
Spokesmen, misunderstood,
Lied for the public good—
Can they be rightfully
Blamed for their "lies"?

Should Foreign Office heads
Unmask suspected "Reds"?
Ministers knowing all,
Hushed up the plot.
Now, like *aristos* seen,
Facing the guillotine,
Sternly they castigate
Press *sans-culottes*.

Spokesmen behind the scenes
Never must spill the beans.
But when unhappily
Facts are made known,
Make a clean breast of it,
Publish the rest of it,
Write a White Paper, and
Throw dogs a bone!

Please don't be beastly, when
Lying like gentlemen
Diplomats wriggle to
Stop public riot.
Praise those who never leak,
Spokesmen who will not squeak,
Splendidly, loyally
Keeping things quiet!

SAGITTARIUS

The Golden Door

EVERY day a few hundred Puerto Ricans can be seen at the San Juan airport waiting to board planes for New York. There are women with babies, young people, some older, some Coloured, some White. Their belongings are at their sides in suitcases or bundles. Amid gesticulations, tears and the bustle of hurried farewells, comes the announcement in Spanish over the loudspeaker signalling their departure. The Puerto Rican journey has its parallel in the migration of Jamaicans to Britain. Both represent a flight from a West Indian island beset with economic problems and the pressure of population. Both are towards countries where citizenship permits unimpeded entry. Both have their heartbreaks.

The Puerto Rican journey is unique in the record of the many previous migrations to America. It is an air migration and the journey only takes 6½ hours, not the two or three weeks sailing from Europe half a century ago. Since the possibility of return is ever-present, and the sense of commitment diminished, the incentive for cultural assimilation is reduced. Though he is an American citizen, the Puerto Rican comes with his native tongue, traditions and customs, and, instead of moving outward to take advantage of the wider opportunities the United States offers, the migrant usually bogs down in a single port of entry—New York.

Before 1940, emigration from Puerto Rico averaged only a few thousand persons a year. During and since the war, emigration spiralled, so that now about 600,000 have settled on the mainland. But the pull-back to the island is strong. In fourteen years, migrants who had left the island numbered 1,850,000; those who returned totalled 1,400,000. How many returned because they were transients in the first place or because they were disillusioned? A recent study showed that more than half already in America would like to return to the island with its mild climate and more familiar patterns, if they could support their families there. What has turned the Puerto Rican migration into the Puerto Rican problem is not its size. In fact, Puerto Rico's entire population of 2.25 million could be absorbed into America's expanding economy in a few years, as were previous migrants. The Puerto Rican problem lies in inability to establish secure economic and social footholds on the mainland, the sordid conditions under which the migrants live, and the seeming hopelessness of the island's own position. To solve the problem it will be necessary to ensure a permanent migration from the island and to make sure that it is not confined to the single city of New York.

To the majority of Puerto Rican migrants, New York and the United States are synonymous. New York is where friends and relatives live, where the home language is spoken, where the air route comes to an end. It is a dream world, a new utopia crammed with electric refrigerators, flush toilets and bathtubs. The dream fades as the migrant makes his way past the soaring sky-scrapers into the dark and dirty tenement district that becomes his new horizon. New York's Puerto Rican districts probably rank among the worst slums in a civilised country, not because the buildings are old and insanitary, but because so many people are crowded into small spaces—and because rents are so high that little is left for other needs. Most landlords with a long-term interest in their property can never be sure how many people will eventually live in the flat, whether the tenant's job is permanent, or whether the migrant will have enough left from his earnings to pay the rent. The family does not always come at one time, and since relatives on the island are prone to share huts, the immigrants may follow the practice, sharing costs. But the very act of sharing premises affords unscrupulous landlords the opportunity to charge exorbitant total rentals. There are some who make a speciality of buying slum properties for Puerto Rican occupancy because they yield 30 to 100 per cent. a year on investment. Strict enforcement by city officials of the building code is difficult since there is no alternative accommodation when they order evacuation of the houses. Prosecution in the courts has become tedious and often impossible. Bad as the situation is for the White Puerto Ricans, it is worse for the Coloured. New York City has a famous skyline, but its colour-line is perhaps less familiar. Though the city is one of America's most tolerant areas, it has never been able to put an end to discrimination, nor can it open its housing to its minorities in the suburbs beyond its boundaries. Thus the Puerto Rican is hemmed into the centre of the city, and, for the Coloured particularly, only certain sections of that. No wonder congestion and slum conditions arise!

Despite the depressing housing picture, there are some brighter aspects. The immigration has been a blessing to employers and made the city a rich source of unskilled labour. The number of Puerto Ricans on public assistance in recent years has never risen above 10 per cent. of the total. Thousands have been absorbed into the garment, hotel and restaurant industries and many more have found their way into light factory work. They have earned the respect of employers and are considered dependable workers. They are, however, the lowest paid workers, often exploited because few of them know about the minimum wage laws.

So the Puerto Rican journey continues. The migrant leaves behind him a densely populated island—645 persons to the square mile. At a similar density the United States would have a population of 1,900 million! The rapidly declining mortality rate coupled with the high birth rate makes Puerto Rico one of the fastest growing populations in the world. Competition for work is keen, wages low. The average income of the Puerto Ricans has been reckoned at about $432. About half the total population of 14 years and over earn no income at all. Low incomes are reflected in poor living conditions. About 40 per cent. of the population sleep in rooms with four or more persons, many of the houses are ramshackle and cannot withstand the island's hurricanes, most families have no ovens, many drink water from ditches. Yet though the island is crowded and conditions bad, its climate is warm; 70 per cent. of the people live in open country or small villages; social relations are intimate. Although the Negro population amounts to 25 per cent., there is so much intermarriage that colour distinctions are of no importance except among the White élite. Rents are a tenth of what they are in New York, and though the slum of Puerto Rico may drive social life into the street, there is a good deal of difference between a sub-tropical, Spanish-type plaza and the cold and impersonal slum street of the metropolis.

Public authorities in Puerto Rico are making valiant efforts to develop their country. Tax exemption to firms establishing factories on the island has improved work opportunities. Since

1940, thanks largely to the efforts of President Luis Munoz-Marin, net income has risen from $228 million to $962 million. School attendance has gone up from 68.5 per cent. to 78 per cent. A new land law has redistributed acreage to 28,000 farm families and another 60,000 are expected to be settled in the next six years. Life expectancy has risen from 46 to 61 years, and the death rate has fallen from 18.9 per thousand to 8.1. Thus, although development projects provide new opportunities on the island, the population pressure nevertheless continues and demands a solution. Statistics show that this solution could easily be found on the American mainland. It is estimated that with an emigration of 35,000 to 50,000 annually there is a fair chance that the population of the island could be stabilised in the next generation. And it can safely be assumed such an annual figure is only a fraction of what U.S. industry can absorb.

The solution to the Puerto Rican problem lies not in limiting their numbers but in the willingness of the American authorities and the public in general to treat these people as fellow citizens and to help them settle throughout the country. The post-war period of labour shortage has proved the most opportune for economic assimilation in America's history, but the large concentration in New York City threatens to build up a stereotype image of the Puerto Rican worker which, if it reaches other cities, will curtail opportunities for wider settlement. In Youngstown, Ohio, for example, opposition was aroused against a thousand Puerto Ricans who had come to take jobs. Quoting from an unfortunate column in a New York newspaper, one Youngstown official argued that the Puerto Rican was unable to assimilate. "They soon become marijuana addicts, throng into cheap and crowded dives which cater to their trade, and many become violent criminals with gun and knife. Many of them are dope peddlers. The crime rate is stupendous and it is increasing and spreading." Puerto Rican officials, a progressive Youngstown mayor, a courageous local newspaper, and enlightened churchmen and laymen challenged the indictment and overcame the opposition.

Experiences like these are inevitable. Every migration to America has had its crusaders for "pure-blooded" Americans and against outsiders. Civic leadership and the process of time have aided other ethnic groups eventually to assimilate. Although four of every five Puerto Rican settlers remain in New York City, a number of small clusters do exist in other communities across the United States. These centres, though isolated, will draw more migrants through the Golden Door if they last. But to attract them there a constructive policy will be necessary to make it clear that America's opportunities are available to all her citizens.

H. David Davis

The Nagas at Home

(This is the second of Dorothy Woodman's reports from Burma)

We crossed the Upper Chindwin in full moonlight, reaching the paddle steamer over a stretch of firm sand dotted with tiger flares. We were a highly practical party, one of Burma's Mass Education teams on the way to the Naga Hills: a weaver, a blacksmith, two carpenters, a potter, a nurse, a cook, a mechanic, a physical instructor, a teacher and a graduate in animal husbandry. Some were returning from leave; others were embarking on their first field work; all had passed through the rigorous training at Chawdwingon, on the outskirts of Rangoon, the Headquarters of this, the most imaginative experiment in Burma's educational programme.

We marched over fold after fold of jungle-covered hills, stopping at the first village after six hours' walk. Two Naga girls joined us here; they had returned to their village to pass on to other girls the knowledge they themselves had acquired at the Mass Education model village. The grandfather of one of them was a "were-tiger"; he believed that his spirit left his sleeping body to enter that of a tiger. Walking through the rest of that day we sometimes met Nagas, usually in single file; they all carried bamboo baskets on their naked backs; they were taking beeswax and honey to exchange for salt and blankets down in the riverine villages on the Chindwin. There was never any doubt about their friendliness.

Our destination was Hatti, a Naga village, built like all Naga villages, on the crown of the hill. Beyond us lay mountain ranges on the Burmese-Indian frontier, large areas of them still unexplored, and most of them only brought under nominal administration in 1940. At the entrance, which was fenced round, was the Naga cemetery: a cluster of bamboo platforms amongst a clump of bamboo trees. Until the arrival of the Mass Education team three years ago, burial was unknown; corpses were left to rot on these platforms and the heads were carried round the village sometimes a year later as a tribute of mourning. Last year, for the first time, an old man was buried, and gradually, instead of allowing bodies to spread disease in the village, they are being taken out into the forest.

Side by side with the village of clean but rather ramshackle bamboo and thatch houses, the Mass Education team had built more substantial, though simple, houses of wood with corrugated iron roofs. The older Naga men and women are still unsure of them: the younger ones see how much more practical they are than their own dark homes, where there is never a window and no ventilation, and a stone slab is used for cooking and heating. The pattern of these houses is always the same; the larger room where the whole family lives, and the front part, where the horns of animals, which have been sacrificed to propitiate evil spirits are hung for all the world as they are in the baronial halls of England. The skeletons of animals, which have been killed in hunting, hang round the walls in the second part, grouped according to the year of the kill—macabre bundles, but less gory than a butcher's shop.

Until the Mass Education team came to live in the village, the Nagas had no idea of vegetable cultivation. They lived on the herbs they found in the jungle, on the animals they killed, on rice, on boiled puppies filled with herbs, on fried doves, and fish from the river which runs through the valley. Today, they have a flourishing vegetable garden of lettuce, beans, cabbages and chilis, and the idea of cleanliness has now taken such root with the children that I was served with carrots washed in soap. The Nagas also knew nothing of terraced agriculture; they practised *taungya* agriculture, burning off a mountain side in the spring and then planting it and passing after a very poor harvest to the next mountain. It was uneconomical and led to land erosion. On the principle that Nagas will learn by experience, the Mass Education team had invited 15 families to co-operate with them in terracing a mountain slope to grow rice. Fourteen families agreed and grew 35 bags of paddy to the acre. The fifteenth carried on in their old ways and harvested only 5. They were paid for their work in bags of rice, salt, blankets, and hanks of bright scarlet wool were distributed to the women. The economy of the village is changing: rice, coffee and beans now grow where *taungya* cultivation had left the mountainsides scarred and infertile; a few young Nagas can now use a circular saw where before they had only their knives; girls can knit and weave and I saw the first collection of water jars hardening in the sun.

The Naga community is closely knit, with elders responsible for defence, economy, sacrificial rites, death rites. One of these is an astrologer. The elders had a conference with the Mass Education team leaders. They asked that the personnel of the team should not be changed frequently; "we get used to faces," they explained, "they are no longer strangers." They wanted more teachers. They were afraid that if boys and girls continued to go down to Rangoon to school (there are 98 selected from Naga territories) they may not want to come back to live in the village; so why not bring teachers to Hatti? And then a serious complaint was made. Mules, belonging to the team, had demolished young rice plants. Would the team provide them with more rice to make up for this loss? The village hadn't taken very kindly to mules; they were first of all afraid of them and now they proved to be thieves! On the whole, however, the Nagas' interests seemed to be in practical, concrete things—more medicine, which they are gradually substituting for animal sacrifices, more salt, more blankets as they slowly decide to wear clothing.

When the conference was over, Clin Long Poo, who was responsible for defence, performed a Naga dance. He was alert, amusing, and had a great reputation as a hunter; he had killed ten tigers. Tiger tusks were his headgear and he wore heavy ivory armlets and a brass disc which proved more responsive than the more familiar fig leaf. He felt, and behaved, like the lord of creation, making broad Elizabethan gestures towards each of the women in turn. I was flattered—and the Naga women uproariously pleased—that he did not make any exception when he turned towards the only woman visitor present.

That night Nagas brought down branches of trees and wood from the jungle and made a camp fire. We danced round the fire, moving towards and back from it to the accompaniment of a rhythmical chant. This was the dance they performed when the last head was taken from a man in another village which had not paid a debt. The skull still hung, beribboned, on the spirit tree. The Mass Education team stayed indoors that night, not only because they felt it might be safer, but because it was their policy not to interfere. They were new to the village, and a change must be made by the Nagas themselves, not imposed. But no head has been taken since.

Two years ago, Nagas in the next valley raided

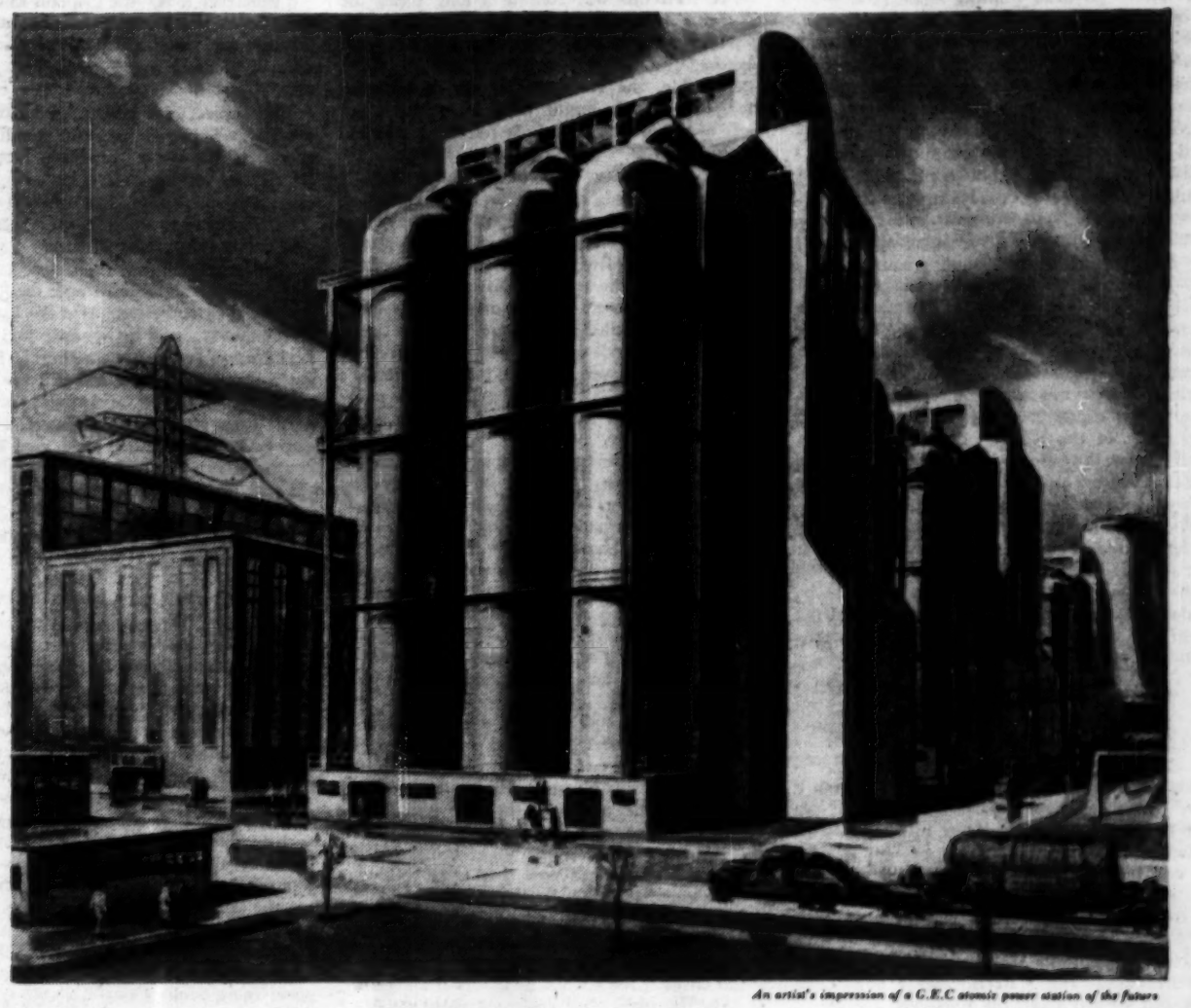
NEXT WEEK

Commercial Television
The first week reviewed by
SIR GERALD BARRY

Capitalism and Equality
A study of public ownership by
PETER SHORE

WILLIAM EMPSON on
Robert Graves

G.E.C. AND THE CHANGING WORLD 2



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Naga villages over the Indian frontier, and took about 50 heads. The Burmese Army pursued them. The Chiefs of the two tribes were brought together by a young Lieutenant who knows Naga language, and has won their confidence. They swore not to go head hunting again, taking an oath on a tiger's tooth and drinking from a skull. To break such an oath would bring on them the wrath of a multitude of evil spirits; and it is very unlikely, this young officer said, that it will be broken. Further, some months later, U Nu met Mr. Nehru on the frontier, and Naga Chiefs presented to them their ceremonial spears underlining their earlier pledge. U Nu told them he hoped it would be possible to send a Naga party of friendship and goodwill from Burma to India; likewise it would be but fitting for the Indian Nagas to visit their brothers in Burma, thus creating better understanding between the two sides.

Back in Rangoon, where far too few people yet appreciate what is happening among the Nagas, U Aung Min, one of the pioneers of Mass Education and Director of Social Welfare, described the team's work in Hatti and in a second Naga centre lower down the Chindwin. "Our study of the Nagas," he said, "has convinced us that they are no less intelligent than we are, that they are no less hard working than we are, that they desire advancement no less than we do. It is isolation and lack of opportunity that have arrested their development. Now, it is up to all of us to see that they are no more isolated and the same opportunities that we get must be afforded them, and help them that they may be able to help themselves to a life befitting of an independent people."

DOROTHY WOODMAN

An Encounter

THERE are people and there are cases. From a writer's point of view the latter are stultifying. They tell one too much. They infect one with theories of human conduct; they become puzzles with one piece missing. Attempt to supply the piece and there is the certainty of being wrong; give them up and they haunt you for years with your failure and their plausibility. Every writer has these recalcitrants sketched out abortively in his notebooks. For sixteen years I have been tormented by one I call the blue-eyed captain.

The blue-eyed captain torments because he is a case and he is most active at this time of the year which is the anniversary of our short encounter. I met him one evening in the dining car of a West Country train in the first mad months of the war in 1939. Like love, war is a sickness in its beginnings. It falsifies everything. Towns change their appearance, time goes to pieces, journeys drag on light-headedly; above all, people let out their private madness. We drop through a trap door into other periods of our lives. The day I met the captain, a middle-aged clerk at my bank went down with nettlerash, an illness he had not had since he was under canvas at Le Havre in 1914. Myself, I had reverted to my fourteenth birthday, stared at soldiers and was full of the dramatic war scenes I could remember when I was a boy. For this reason I stared at the captain as he sat opposite to me in the train.

The captain was a lithe, good-looking man in his forties, young for his age. A few months before he would have been one of those men who look like smart game in their tweeds and who one sees at race meetings, point-to-points, at parties on small estates. What these men do is mysterious. They talk of hunting, fishing, horses, dogs and land. They may run a farm for a rich man or sell expensive agricultural machinery in a gentlemanly way. Coveys of them meet in bars at hours which suggest idleness and anxiety. The captain was one of these. Agriculture was a poor thing before the war. He was delighted by the pleasure of being in uniform once more.

"I've seen this war coming a long time," he said with a small sententious stammer and reproaching the world. "We ought to have had it before."

Personable, the ready picker up of acquaintance, the captain might have been any other officer of his age who suddenly felt the world had meaning at last.

Any other officer—except in one startling private respect: his eyes. They were blue; one could see their blueness the length of the dining car away. They were unsubmissive to the sunburn and the uniform. In a hard-faced, sporting figure they had the effect of an ornament or an elegance. They were set in a mesh of fine lines, though not puddled, and were like two dead china blue stones, opaque and semi-precious. When his lids moved, they had the indifference of an artifice.

This was one of the crack trains of the Great Western but now, because of the war—troop trains or air raid rumours—it stopped and crawled and stopped again. We sat in an oddly disembodied collection of human voices cut off from travel, as if a film had broken and the sound was going on from a blank screen.

"Are you going back to the depôt?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I'm on leave."

"That must be a relief."

"I'm on sick leave."

"That must be a relief in a way too," I said.

"As a matter of fact," the captain said, "it isn't. I'm going blind."

How does one suddenly tell a stranger one is going blind? The captain did so in the quiet confident voice of one who had backed a winner yesterday. He was pleased. He was even quietly boastful. To me, of course, the blue eyes at once became the whole man: serene in their hurt, their very intensity, the tired dilation of things blooming too full. I noticed now they were yellowing in the whites.

"I've just been up to see a specialist in London," he said. "He's messing me about. I've been going to him for a month and he thinks if he can check it for a while he'll cure it altogether. He says the nerves are engorged with blood. I get black-outs. Damned awkward when you are driving a car on the road. I never had anything wrong with my eyes in my life before this. That is how I knew something was wrong. I blacked out on the road a mile from the camp."

It wasn't at all funny; it was damned lucky, the captain said. He had slowed down because he thought he saw some fellow he knew—people you knew years before were always trickling into the camp—and the next thing, he was on the pavement, blind. He was a bit shaken. There was nothing to do at Headquarters, everything was at sixes and sevens there. "All the chaps I used to know in the regiment from 1918 and—you know 'Have a drink old boy!'" There had been sessions. He thought he'd been lifting the elbow too much. Then, it happened again and this was not funny at all. Taking a bend on the Bath Road at fifty. He had his batman with him, giving him a lift home.

"I might have killed him," the Captain said. "It's about the most frightening thing there is."

The Captain's voice was drawling and vain.

"They tell you it's all psychological," he said in the falsely amused manner of one who has just been dumped at the edge of a tropical jungle after sunset.

A fatal remark to make to a writer. I looked at the Captain's startling eyes. So featureless, their shutters of blueness down. What—I asked myself the question that was to change him from a human being into a trick case—what was it the Captain did not wish to see?

"Whatever it is," the Captain said, "it put the wind up me and I'm not easily frightened. I went through the whole of the 1914 war, spent three years in France and I never had anything like that."

The subject was ended. I looked out of the window. The train was still standing in the sad silence of the water meadows. Slowly trundling towards us was an endless goods train which became a procession of guns when it passed.

"I would have thought three years in France was enough war for a lifetime," I said.

"I enjoyed it," said the Captain.

"I don't think many people did," I said.

"You'd be surprised," said the Captain. "Lots of fellows cracked up, people you would think would never break. Others didn't. I'm not shooting a line but it never worried me once. I was three years in the line and I can honestly say I was never once afraid. People were pulled out and sent back to the base; I wasn't. I don't take any credit for it. From the beginning of the war to the end, nothing touched me."

"The noise alone. . . ."

"I know. Nothing. Noise never bothered me."

"And you were never afraid?"

"Never," said the Captain. "Never thought of it."

The Captain's manner had become spacious and enthusiastic. As if it had caught his confidence, our train began to move and the voices in the dining car lost their isolation and became merged in the general slurring of time.

"The only time that I was frightened in France," he said, "was in the last month of the war. There was a German attack and I suddenly found myself alone with a German coming at me with his bayonet. I saw him. I stood there. I had a revolver in my hand. I couldn't lift it. I was paralysed. If my batman hadn't seen it and got the fellow first I should have been dead. He just rushed at him and got him. Saved my life. I can see it now. Nice fellow. He wiped his bayonet afterwards, as naturally as anything, as good living a fellow as you'd ever see. Yes," said the Captain. "I was afraid then."

It was funny the Captain said, joining the regiment again. A bit of a strain, after the first few days. Everyone was older, you forget that. The brigadier was past it. Some of those old fellows were still fighting the 1914 war. There were a lot of small quarrels.

"When I get my eyes right I shall probably put in for a transfer," he said.

I said goodbye to the Captain. It was not, as I have said, a real goodbye. I talked about him to my friends, I discussed his case with one or two doctors. Yes (they agreed) it was probable that the new war had brought back to him some incident he did not want to see again. Yes (they agreed) it was odd that his old batman had been in the car with him at the time of the black-out. If (they said) his batman had really been in the car with him! If (they added) he himself really had had a black-out when he was driving! The strong probability was (they said) that his blindness had started one morning when he was sitting on the lavatory. It was on the cards that his old batman had never rejoined the regiment. Or, in the terms of his story, had never existed at all. But obviously (they said) there was *something* the matter with the Captain's eyes.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The World Well Lost

As the lights go down in Madison Square Garden, leaving only ten thousand cigarettes glowing like stars in the darkened tiers, Paul Robeson stands on the dais under the floodlamps. Right hand cupped to his ear, he sings—is it *Ballad for Americans*, or *Water Boy*, a Russian, a Chinese, a Spanish song? Or is it the inevitable encore, for which the galleries are already shouting: "Last night I dreamed I saw Joe Hill, alive as you and me"? For whatever the title of the show, the scenery and the producers are the same. It is Spanish Aid, The Yanks Are Not Coming, the Second Front, the Wallace campaign, Civil Rights, here in the Garden, or Chicago or Los Angeles, or at the Peekskill riot, with Paul in the spot before the collection.

Just so do we remember him in pre-war England—the warm-hearted champion of the common people in their fight for freedom, the most moving singer this generation has heard or is likely to hear. The difference was that, when he sang for the Popular Front he did not need to decide whether or not he was a Communist. Fascism was the enemy of freedom, and, above all, of racial equality. In England there was no racial discrimination to narrow the scope of Paul's sympathy with Left causes.

Somewhere about the time of Munich, a pacifist who was also a resolute anti-fascist argued with Robeson about the coming war. He at first puzzled Paul by boggling about taking part in war against the Nazis. He explained that he had a prior loyalty—deeper even than his hatred of Fascism. Robeson's face lit up. "I understand now," he said. "You feel as I should if fighting against Hitlerism meant, by some accident, that I had to fight against my own Negro people? I just couldn't do it, however good the cause."

In America Paul feared the taunt that he was willing to compromise about the Negro cause; he would not, like some other successful Negro artists, merely appease his conscience by supporting respectable liberal organisations for Negro emancipation. He must join the ranks of the fighters, and that, he believed meant the Communists. So he gave them his great talents, singing, speaking, marching with them down every inch of the Party line.

And for that he has lost his passport and his livelihood. Since 1950 he has been unable to travel outside the United States, refusing, on principle, to sign an affidavit that he does not belong to the Communist Party. His most recent legal action has brought yet another rejection from the State Department. Given permission to visit Canada, he is still unable to accept a Soviet offer to make a film version of *Othello*, as well as concert engagements in England, invitations to Paris and Rome and Prague. The State Department has not forgiven his speeches on previous journeys abroad and, at home, no one will hire him as a professional entertainer. At the beginning of August an English visitor asked a San Francisco radio station why it did not play Robeson's records. The station president, Mr. Cisler, replied:

> We consider him a disgrace to the American scene for his long-standing feud with our way of life, and hence no need to publicise his name for any further public income to him from concerts or recordings.

The boycott is complete. For, in any case, as Mr. Cisler added, "he has not recorded any material on the new and better long-playing records which we now use exclusively." Therefore, "considerations of good taste and discrimination do suggest his omission from programme planning." Paul Robeson has not been tried by due process, but "good taste" has sentenced him to unemployment in a country he cannot leave.

As witch-hunting intensified he became more extreme, more outspoken. Former friends recanted, turned informer, ran for cover, but Robeson took to the stump. Though he has never revealed whether he holds a party card, he refers to himself as a Communist, and at union halls and picnics, at rallies and on picket lines, he has spoken up for the Communists "who have done a magnificent job." With pride he received the Stalin Peace Prize in 1952, and listened with emotion as Howard Fast pinned on his coat the medal which Fast called "the highest award the human race can bestow upon one of its members."

Paul is courageous but not sophisticated about politics. At the White House, in 1946, he told President Truman to his face that there was "little to choose between the crimes of the men on trial at Nuremburg and recent U.S. lynchings." In 1949 he insisted that countries which received aid under the Marshall Plan "had nothing to give the U.S. except the raw materials to be found in their African colonies—and that means further exploitation and abuse of Africans." At the same time, he announced that "the struggle in Greece is again noble testimony to the courage of the Communists, who have always been the first to fight and die for the freedom of all peoples." And this was in the same year that he told a civil rights conference that Trotskyists were Fascists and therefore had no claim to civil liberties.

Robeson's conversion, absolute and unquestioning, is the more remarkable because it has no obvious impulse from his personal experience. He was famous, popular and rich. He had never himself suffered from serious discrimination as a Negro. Of his own free will he bears on his shoulders the accumulated sufferings of his people; as the greatest of American Negroes he feels that he must be a self-appointed sacrifice on the altar of racial freedom and equality. It is this quality in him that has aroused such hostility among other leaders of the Negro community, jealous perhaps,

certainly embarrassed by him, and bitterly critical of his refusal to see that the battle against segregration can be waged in other ways than by the head-on and often unscrupulous tactics of the Communists. "If only," they will say, "if only Paul were on our side," as he contemptuously dismisses them as reformists and Uncle Toms.

Robeson's contempt is harsher, possibly because of all Negroes he has had to steel himself most against the blandishments of success, to cultivate his sense of injustice. In Princeton, New Jersey, where he was born in 1898, his father was the minister at the Witherspoon Presbyterian Church, much respected by Negroes and Whites. His mother, who died tragically when he was six, came of a mixed Indian-Negro family of Quaker belief, and her great-grandfather—an acquaintance of Benjamin Franklin—helped found the Free African Society in 1787. In this liberal tradition, young Paul grew up, a brilliant boy, popular and mixing freely with both White and Negro schoolfellows. Princeton University at that time was closed to Negroes, and Paul was only the third to enter Rutgers. There he continued to prove himself a scholar, and, what was a more certain path to social acceptance, one of the outstanding athletes of his day. Years later, when he was playing Othello, he said that to catch the tension of Othello's rage he recalled the only time in his life when he felt a similar emotion. As a freshman, he was trying to get into the college football team. At practice, each of the team was playing for his place against the newcomer, hating the thought of making room for a Negro: the whole team made a set at Paul. A broken nose and a dislocated shoulder put him out of practice for ten days. When he returned to the field, one player brutally kicked the finger nails from his hand. Paul lost his temper, charged down the field like a mad bull, and then, gripping the last man to approach him, he swung the wretched player above his head, and was about to smash him to the ground when the coach shouted from the touchline, "Robeson, you're in the team." He became one of America's greatest football players.

Moving to Columbia Law School, and living in Harlem, Paul was still scarcely aware of his colour. He made friends easily; he even managed to get a job in a White firm, something that few Negro lawyers had yet done. But he left the job when some of his White colleagues protested against working with a Negro, and after drifting for a while, struck up a friendship with the Provincetown Theatre Group, and especially with Eugene O'Neill. He was cast as Emperor Jones, as Jim Harris in *All God's Chillun Got Wings*—he had barely set foot on the boards when he was beginning to dream about *Othello*—and then, with the backing of his Greenwich Village friends, came his first concert in April, 1925, the first concert ever given in the U.S. which consisted entirely of Negro music.

Success, but what Paul felt to be increasingly limited success, came after. *Show Boat* made him, in New York and London. But the songs, the stage parts, were Negro songs, Negro parts. The London production of *Othello*, at the Savoy Theatre in 1930, was the beginning of his escape into a wider field. New York producers were still afraid of it; even in London, there was doubt. Hannen Swaffer asked whether the theatre public would take to seeing a Negro make love to a White woman and throw her round the stage. "It didn't bother most people," Paul said afterwards, "but it sure bothered me. For the first two weeks in every scene I played with Desdemona, that girl couldn't get near me. I was backing away from her all the time like a plantation hand in the parlour." New York had to wait until 1943 to see Robeson as Othello, but—as the *New York Times* wrote of the opening night—it then gave him "an ovation that has not been equalled along Broadway in many years."

By then, however, Paul Robeson was more than a great singer and a magnificent actor: he himself said that he had come "to see my work as a social weapon, not as art for art's sake." He had become dissatisfied with "singing to the same audiences of comfortable people." And the climax of his discontent came shortly after he appeared in the film *Sanders of the River*. He said that he put everything he had into his part: "I thought that I was doing a good job for my people." Then some of his Leftist friends told him that the film was imperialist propaganda, that he had played up to the White stereotype of Black. In anger, Paul gave away all the money he received from the film to Negro relief organisations, and repeatedly tried to buy up the negative.

About this time he made his first visit to Russia. In 1948, he told a Senate Committee how he then felt and why he sent his son Paul to school in the Soviet Union. "I walked the earth there for the first time in complete dignity." The minority peoples had "infinitely more opportunity than I would have in Mississippi." So the regular visits began. The Robesons preferred Europe to the U.S., Russia to Europe; and but for Paul's conviction that, having seen the light, he must communicate his conversion, he and his wife Essie would have settled in Moscow.

In the years when the Popular Front made Leftism acceptable on both sides of the Atlantic, Paul could earn a great deal of money, and he could be a propagandist too. He moved happily through a whirl of meetings, plays, concerts: it could be the Albert Hall one night and Unity Theatre the next. His personal warmth and generosity, his bigness and his kindness, made him everybody's friend—and many of those friendships have lasted despite the naiveté of his political activities in recent years. Even today, when Paul makes some outrageous statement, one which would seem silly or vicious in the mouth of a hard-boiled party official, one feels more embarrassment than anger. For he has stood up to be counted when others were running away, spending his energies prodigally for the truth as he sees it, counting the world well lost. In 1948, when he made five hundred free appearances, most of them political, he was giving away the equivalent of $750,000 at the box-office to help win votes for Henry Wallace. By cutting himself off from the main stream of American life, he may have been guided along tortuous paths and done less than was in him to help his people towards equality. If so it was from no fault but lack of political judgment. Now, perhaps, as the mood changes, he can find his way back.

The Arts and Entertainment

French and Italian

In the controversy that sunders the Sunday papers as to whether Edwige Feuillère is the greatest living actress (Mr. Harold Hobson), or only the greatest living romantic actress (Mr. Kenneth Tynan), I cannot add any useful comparison, only a personal impression. Four years ago when I saw her in *Partage du Midi*, she quite bowled me over with that marvellous aura she distils from charm of movement and controlled intensity of feeling, projected with expert technique. Mentally I put her in the Edith Evans class. But on that occasion I confess to have been able to understand only very little of the play; she acted on me in the void so to speak. In *La Dame aux Camélias*, which is far from difficult to follow, while she distilled the same kind of attraction, she did not draw from me one tear. This particular play, I conclude, is not good enough to be evidence. Mme Feuillère approached the part of Marguerite with a low voice and a restrained feeling and she ranged only from the low and restrained to the lower and more restrained. It is, it seems to me, for the Marguerite in this play to compete in the imagination with Verdi's marvellously emotive and dramatic score. Mme Feuillère, though acting with great distinction and grace, did not even enter this competition.

Since the theatre never does things by halves, Ugo Betti is a name that is likely in the next few months to become as familiar as Anouilh, though he is not likely to be so popular, being a moral and political writer rather than a romantic one. *The Queen and the Rebels*, which made a considerable impression at Coventry some months ago, is, I understand, to come to London with Miss Irene Worth playing the part which she created with such striking effect. Meanwhile the Arts has given London its first taste of Betti with *The Burnt Flower-Bed* which may, I am afraid, do for him whatever is the opposite of whetting the appetite. For this is, at best, a most interesting bad play, much less dramatically successful than *The Queen and the Rebels*, a little boring at times, a little obvious at others. The interest of Betti's work is that—rare thing for a playwright—he was, politically speaking, highly literate, and is fighting passionately on the side of the dignity of the individual life against the block powers of states and parties. Both plays assume that the audience can at once feel itself into the heart of a political crisis, and know what, in general terms, it is all about (and this is, of course, an optimistic assumption for the average English audience).

The Burnt Flower-Bed opens in a mountain villa to which an important Party leader, John, has retired. Some years ago he lost his adored son in an accident, and both he and his wife have been paralysed in will ever since. There are factors in this accident which they have never been able to equate with the facts; they can't get the thing straight in their minds and they are stuck brooding over it. Now the leaders of the Party arrive to demand that John returns to help them in the international crisis that has arisen. He alone, they insist, is sufficiently well known and well regarded by all sides to open negotiations with the enemy. John eventually takes them at their word, and agrees to act—only to discover that this is a trap. He is simply being used by them, and his death, which they would engineer, was to be the signal for starting a war with a "just" excuse.

It is the playwright's intention that John's discovery of this piece of treachery should release the jam in which husband and wife have been locked, and lead them to the truth about their son's death. But it is the failure of the play that these two sides of his equation never match one another. They remain two separate unfused parts and the personal side of it is very unsatisfactory. The explanation of the accident is kept as a secret up the dramatist's sleeve until the last moment, yet the alert spectator will already have guessed it in the first place. What we want to engage our interest fully is not this unsurprising fact about the accident, but some kind of explanation of it traced in the lives of the father and mother, and one that ties in with the political side of the play.

As it is, it is only this political side that "works." There we are conscious of a highly intelligent and very interesting mind at work and one that can translate its ideas into dramatic truth and actable parts. The duel is between the disillusioned idealist John and the commissar figure who comes

He's big and brown, but British born and bred.
His ancestors were locusts of the African deserts, whose descents
upon the fertile valleys of many Middle Eastern countries
used to bring starvation and ruin
to luckless peasant farmers.
Today, he and his kin are reared
by an I.C.I. research station in Berkshire,
so that he may be studied by scientists whose only aim is to discover quicker,
more effective means of exterminating his wild relations.
The workers of this selfsame I.C.I. research station
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There is always controversy about who wrote Shakespeare, and the protagonists of Bacon and Marlowe are at it again. There is even doubt about some of the words (Knight's edition gives "excellent music"). But either way it means much the same. We don't know who wrote the Plays but we enjoy them, and from this snippet from Hamlet it seems that the author, whoever he was, enjoyed good music.

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to trap him. Both are admirably played. Mr. Alexander Knox brings great authority to the idealist; it's a long and difficult part, difficult, that is, to hold the attention with. Mr. Knox never loses our interest for a moment. Mr. Leo McKern is the commissar, and suggests all the quiet menace coming from a blinkered, unemotional fanatic; and Mr. Esmé Percy as a discarded politician has one finely managed scene in which he faces, not very courageously, the certainty of his imminent death. Miss Yvonne Mitchell has the very unrewarding role of the already half-mad wife. This figure is, in the conception, obstinately stagy; Miss Mitchell can equal its emotionalism, but neither she nor anyone else could humanise it as it stands. Still, if this play is something of a disappointment after the other Betti, I can all the same recommend it to those who can enjoy seeing politics treated seriously on the stage.

T. C. WORSLEY

Half a Loaf

THE difficulty of staging opera at the Festival Hall is so palpable that many people have been asking, in rather fretful tones, whether the attempt is really justified at a time when Covent Garden houses only a troupe of oriental dancers requiring neither elaborate stage machinery nor a large orchestral pit. The answer, I suppose, is mainly financial. To import a complete opera company is a most expensive project, and the Festival Hall holds far more money, at roughly comparable prices, than Covent Garden: not only does it contain half as many seats again, but for structural reasons far more of the seats can be described as "good."

We are thus faced with the old choice: half a loaf or no bread. Is it better to abjure such visiting companies altogether, or to welcome them in spite of makeshift staging and a general absence of illusion—of that impression we like to receive of being wholly immersed in the drama? Much will depend on the purely musical attainments of our visitors; much on the nature of the operas they present. If fewer complaints were heard last year during the Viennese Mozart season, that was partly because the operas chosen were all originally intended for performance in an undarkened theatre and do not invoke the same kind of romantic illusion as, say, *Tristan;* and partly because the presence of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and of international casts more brilliant than those normally seen in Vienna itself proved so satisfying on the purely musical plane that it was easy to overlook scenic shortcomings. Indeed, first-rate operatic singing and playing go a long way towards creating their own dramatic illusion, and this illusion can survive almost anything short of the absolute prose of a concert performance, with Tristan bobbing up in tails to answer a Dior-clad Isolde.

The Stuttgart *Elektra*, with its single plain set and the superb singing of Inge Borkh, came off remarkably well on the CinemaScope stage of the Festival Hall. But *Tristan und Isolde*, on the following night, held little of its proper magic. The scenery was sillier than it need have been (for instance, unless I misinterpreted the backcloth to Act I, land remained in sight throughout the voyage), the singers were uneven and the orchestral playing was below par. The Royal Philharmonic is a potentially fine orchestra with some notable wind players, but I doubt whether it can have had enough rehearsal for so long and arduous a score. Ferdinand Leitner, who has shouldered alone the heavy burden of all the Stuttgart productions, was at any rate unable to inspire the players to anything like the sustained intensity and incandescence which *Tristan* demands; nor were the two principals, though both are well known at Bayreuth, of a stature to compensate for orchestral weakness. Martha Mödl, a most genuine and thorough artist, falls short of Isolde's vocal requirements and has to squeeze out her upper notes like toothpaste from a recalcitrant tube; while Wolfgang Windgassen (who flew back to sing a *Siegfried* in Germany half-way through a far too crowded London schedule) presented a weaker Tristan than I recall from his recent Covent Garden appearances in that role. Notable performances, however, came from Josef Traxel as the Young Sailor and from Gustav Neidlinger, a magnificently virile baritone, as Kurwenal. In *Die Zauberflöte*, a generally more successful if rhythmically undervitalised performance, the Pamina of Lore Wissmann and the Papagena of Ellinor Junker-Giesen were outstanding; Gustav Grefe, as Papageno, and Ilse Hollweg, as the Queen of the Night, also did well, but Traxel's Tamino, the most nonchalant of magic flautists, was something less than Mozartian, and Otto von Rohr, whose King Mark had just passed muster, found his vocal weaknesses sadly exposed by the sublime arias of Sarastro.

The last of the Stuttgart operas was *Fidelio*, in Wieland Wagner's controversial new production. The symbolic scenery consists of a round platform and a great frieze of steel bars; the clothes are vaguely modern; the production, based frankly on the assumption, reasonable in Germany, that the plot is well known to all, dispenses with spoken dialogue. The case for these drastic innovations is that Beethoven, concerned only with the human heart and with abstract ideas of tyranny, truth and liberty, was continually hampered by the realistic demands of a medium unfamiliar to him. There are some features, such as the stylised lunging and swaying of the chorus, which strike a pretentious or even a ridiculous note; but the general effect is of a concentrated and very impressive distillation of the opera's central theme. The cast rose finely to both the dramatic and the musical demands of the occasion.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Critic's Choice

TOOTH'S GALLERY has started a new annual series of exhibitions called *Critic's Choice*. Each year a critic will choose about 25 paintings by half a dozen contemporary British artists and then explain his selection at length in the catalogue. Tooth's, I think, should be congratulated on their initiative—though there is a danger in the scheme, for it puts painters even more in the power of critics, whilst the true function of a critic is not that of an impresario but that of a poet and thinker combined. I suggest that some other gallery inaugurate another series of exhibitions in which established painters make a choice of the works of their less well-known contemporaries.

The first selection at Tooth's has been made by Mr. Eric Newton. His attitude is summed up by his remark that, "What 'modern' art has done—and this is important—is to give every artist *permission* to evolve his own mythology". Mr. Newton believes this to be an advantage; I believe it to be a tragedy. But Mr. Newton is one of our most persuasive critics and his essay defending his romantic attitude is well worth reading. The painters he has chosen are Sutherland, Leonard Rosoman, Stefan Knapp, Donald Hamilton Fraser and Philip Sutton.

Sutherland's work has always given the impression that he is overwhelmed by a threatening world. In his early gouaches he distilled genuine poetry out of his awe at the scale of nature, and in some of his war-time pictures of mines he did the same thing in a different way. In his Crucifixion series he slashed out, tortured, like a man pinned to a stake. In his thorn trees he found a natural and therefore powerful image for his own view of the world. But more recently—as in his new canvases here of a *Hanging Cross*, a *Hanging Form Over Water* and a hanging apple bough—the threat has become more and more subjective in character. He now invents or interprets conglomerations of minute desiccated forms and surrounds them with a bare desert of canvas without even the stability of a ground plane. The space threatens the conglomeration and the conglomeration warns us—rather like diseased organs in a jar. But apart from their emotional content,

what makes Sutherland's new paintings so uninspiring is the niggly lack of confidence or breadth in their actual drawing and structure. Formally they are like the skeletons in the cupboard from a Victorian drawing-room piece.

Leonard Rosoman presses each of his images of a tree, or a garden, or a figure, like a wild flower in a book of verses, and then arranges them together to evoke an unusual sense of space and silence such as one might sleep-walk through. Like all works of intense nostalgia his pictures are enervating but they are also very pleasing because they derive from a truly visual lyricism. Knapp paints semi-abstract constructions which look as though they were made out of wrought iron and are full of symbols which have no extra-museum currency. Hamilton Fraser produces pretty enamel patterns extremely slickly (Mr. Newton denies this), and Philip Sutton is a young painter whose green orchards and plains were recently discussed enthusiastically in this column.

Gerald Wilde, who has a retrospective exhibition at the I.C.A. (he was born in 1905), has had for many years an impressive reputation amongst a few collectors and painters. At a time when so many trivially cultivate their inner conflicts and exploit their feeling of uniqueness, Wilde is outstanding. Here is a man, far removed from his neighbours by his unhappy imagination and violent compulsions, desperately striving to break down the barrier to describe and tell the reasons, as he sees them, for his being. His early works, such as his gouaches of a pier, his *By Grand Central Station I Sat Down and Wept*, or his oil painting (like a Euston Road Soutine) of a London street, are comparatively easy to read, even if everything about their material except their intensity seems poverty-stricken; his later works, although nudes, birds and aerial views of buildings occur in them, are more difficult; superficially they look rather like close-ups of a fire seen through a grate. But their conviction and their amazing strength of line, devouring colour and interlocking shapes, make it obvious that they are not abstractions. They are painted with the passion and denial with which an artist might paint the belly of the woman he loves. Their obscurity is only the result of a frantic focus—one thinks of the vision of a lion, captured, caged in a zoo, and glimpsing between the heavy bars (which are there in the painting) vivid colours and shapes to which he reacts wildly and wholly as if he were still free. Or, if one wants to be more clinical, one thinks that he paints the gates (again the iron bars) on the very perimeter of the Conscious, beyond which is all the raw material which, when it is brought inside, is fashioned into our ideas of heaven and hell. The trapped in all of us can respond to these works because they strive for all release, and in our recognition of this and of the loneliness and suffering involved, we think—however rashly—of the word *genius*.

JOHN BERGER

Proverbs of the Cellar

By now, barring accidents, Gog and Magog and goodness knows who have been televised at a Guildhall banquet and the commercials are on the air. It is a solemn moment. The B.B.C. monopoly which seemed eternal when Sir John Reith breathed o'er Savoy Hill turns out to be as mortal as you or me. And now? I have come to think of television as a cellar. We sit in the dark gazing neither out nor in: and since we know a country by its proverbs this seems the appointed time to collect the proverbs of the cellar.

A usual theme is that the commercials may give us better entertainment because they will have more money to spend. In practice, the fact itself is dubious at the moment, though things may change fast. Advertising revenues are lowish and production costs are high. In TV, as in film, there is a true correlation between quality and money spent. Yet let's beware. Remember the film *Cæsar and Cleopatra*. The costliest films are sometimes the worst. Recently, during the Radio Show, the B.B.C. spent money lavishly on a series of programmes in so-called *Arenascope*. You could almost hear the money cascading like water, but the results were a splashy flop.

More taste than money is a good proverb for the cellar. There is another money side. Till now the B.B.C. has been helped by an invisible subsidy from underpaid artists and writers. Even so the new regime doesn't necessarily mean a shower of pennies from an adastral heaven. The actors, through Equity, seem to be making a satisfactory deal. By contrast television and screen-writers have nearly reached a deadlock in negotiations with contractors who have seemed rather like men moving about in worlds not realised. In consequence—interesting revolution—the writers have turned themselves into a trade union. Interesting, too, in this Atlantic-hopping medium, is the fact that American and British writers are bargaining side by side.

The American invasion is not threatened only through the commercial network. The B.B.C. the other night gave us *The Burns and Allen Show* with comic monologues by Allen in place of the advertising spots. This was American crazy comedy at its best. I was struck by its traditionalism: situations straight from the *commedia del arte* arranged round a Mrs. Malaprop whose genius is to confuse not words but ideas. Four writers produced some brilliant gags—and some ropy ones. Once we have firmly established our national independence these interchanges are going to be valuable. I'd like to see competition in craziness between Burns and Allen and The Goons. I'd put my money on The Goons.

I was amused by one piece of competition. The commercials have *The Scarlet Pimpernel* (geared to the U.S. market) as a series. The B.B.C. jumped ahead on Sunday with the old theatre version made for Fred Terry. Not so damned elusive! In the cellar we can't read. Will our children then become illiterates? For my part I

RICHARD CROSSMAN
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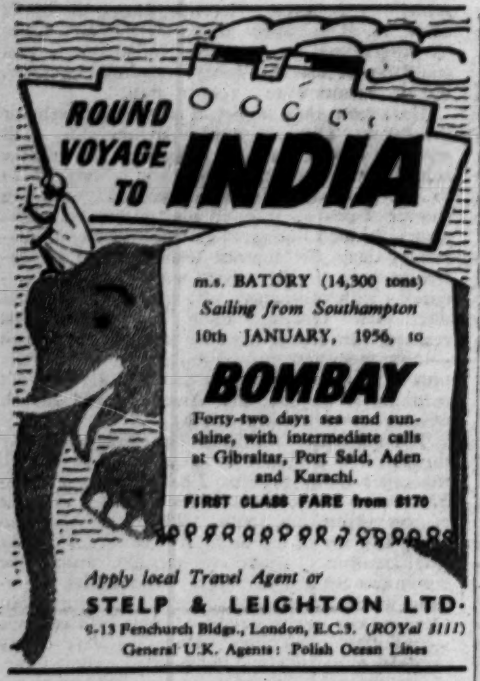

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In Every Ship of the Royal Navy

was curiously comforted one night by a television piece in which we were shown how a new kind of expert is re-teaching executives from the I.C.I. and other big firms how to read. It seems the great men have so much paper work to get through they have to speed up. The new idea is to teach them eye-reading systematically. The eyes of the tycoons read faster because their inner ears have been taught to be deaf.

There's an obvious danger that they will miss the point of what they're reading, because as we all know the real point, even in a memorandum, comes where the voice breaks. The eye will miss that. The eye will get the intended point but not the real one. And, of course, gradually the tycoons will lose the power to read poetry, plays or novels. But since they seldom do so anyway it may not matter much.

There's a common belief that reading is a more intelligent activity than listening. Yet was the intelligence quotient of the illiterate audience at the Globe lower than that of the readership of *The Sunday Scavenger*? Perhaps the scientists are right and we ought to think again about all this reading.

The proverb of the cellar says: *The voice tells more truth than print.*

Watching an interesting and slightly alarming television programme showing the extravagant enthusiasm of the audience at the last night of the proms, I took to wondering how it will turn out if TV does for the theatre, in the way of audience, what radio has done for the concert hall? A curious thought—I find it rather exciting.

But the last proverb of the cellar is a line from one of Blake's songs in *The Island of the Moon: The cellar goes down with a bump.*

MONTAGU SLATER

Brain-washing Teacher

"Blackboard Jungle," at the Empire
"Wagonmaster," at the National Film Theatre
"The Kentuckian," at the Leicester Square Odeon

The *Blackboard Jungle* lifts the lid off the cesspools of the American urban educational system. The pupils of this high school have the affability of a Roman rabble. Polyglot, illiterate, juvenile desperadoes, few seem to measure up to less than the dimensions of baseball players; physically well-developed by constant all-in combat their brain power is about equal to a dinosaur's. They don't want to learn, except the arts of delinquency, and the more masculine pastimes of robbery and rape, and generally to imitate the action of the Brando.

It is a terrible picture of life just off the main cleared highways, reminding you of the wartime, "This verge is not yet cleared of mines." Into this "garbage can of the educational system," as Louis Calhern's beautifully played cynical dominie calls it, strides a navy veteran (a sincere performance by Glenn Ford) to his first teaching post. Ideals held high, he is undeterred by bedlam and brickbats. Nor does a savage manhandling set him back. But his approach to teaching these morons wouldn't have instilled discipline at Roedean. And frankly, if he was using approved instructions and educational aids, it is not difficult to see why there is such a formidable problem in America. Or does the weakness lie not with the school's discipline but with the failure of the film to present this aspect of the question honestly? Certainly the film, which strikes one as documentarily true in all but its solution, comes a cropper by having all the "toughies" fall for the old routine of visual aids, cartoon fairy-tale and the sink-our-differences chumminess of the Christmas show. It's all less neatly packaged in life: hatreds don't evaporate with a matey chorus of *Jerusalem* or *Go down, Moses*; and boys longing to get-the-hell out of school don't remain just because a master assures them that he won't quit if they don't.

But if the film doesn't answer the question, it poses it, doing so in a graphic, adult fashion in which the acting, particularly of Sidney Poitier as the young Negro leader, is soundly satisfying.

Emotions in this film are primitive. In *Wagonmaster*, a little-known John Ford film, starting a dedicatory season of his work, they are equally uncomplicated. Yet how compelling and acceptable they are made to seem, despite their simplicity. The film handles in a leisurely manner the trek of a Mormon wagon-train across the desert to the promised land of California. It is guided by two young horse-dealers whose desire for money has not quenched youthful pity. The incidents—drought, bandits, Indians, impassable countryside—occur with naive casualness. And yet, though of this one is not conscious until the end, the tension is never slackened, the slow swinging momentum continually maintained. One is well aware that the idiom, the keynote, of the production is romantic nostalgia. But nothing is forced; it is all probable. The integrity of the Mormon characters, the self-sufficiency of the young wagonmasters, whose fearless maturity is still not free from an adolescent tenderness, the long, silent passages of the film—remember Ford's dictum on dialogue: an "irreducible minimum"—the luminous photography, gilding the scene in a dawn-of-world light—these combine to sustain plausibly a story that in another's hands would sunder disastrously.

Burt Lancaster's, for instance. The gloss he rubs, as director, on to his story of the backwoods Kentuckian seeking the freedom of Texas has a bookstall shimmer. Where Ford's romantic approach sets a patina of credibility on his period, Lancaster's gusty romancing creates nothing but a mirage.

MICHAEL CRAMPTON

The Japanese Dancers

THE second programme of the Azuma Kabuki Dancers and Musicians is not so obviously impressive as the first but there are performances such as have never in my generation been seen here in ballet. The nearest counterpart was in Robert Helpmann's synthesis of acting and movement when he was with the Sadler's Wells company, although this was never quite so thoroughly controlled. The acting of the men, Tsurunosuke Bando, Masaya Fujima and Shusai Fujima, is so concentrated and so lyrical that it makes the English style seem like that of a sketchy amateur. Watching through opera glasses the details of their expression twist and grow till even the most violently displayed emotions seem built up out of the previous experience, showed that Covent Garden is too large a theatre in which to appreciate the finer points of the Kabuki art; while, in spite of a rostrum, the new seating in the stalls makes it almost impossible to see the dancers' rhythmic footwork, there are so many heads to be dodged.

The more dramatic stories suit the slithering, wavering, stamping kinds of action from which the choreography is made. The warrior and his beloved come to say their last farewell in the moonlight; two enemies attack them and everyone is killed. A princess fascinates a lord and then turns out to be the witch of the mountain. Two lovers come to commit suicide by a river in which the man finds the skull of the lady's father, whom he has killed. When he draws out the scicle that pierces its eye, the lady is at once disfigured by the same wound. These Japanese are adept at making this kind of trick convincing. When the beautiful girl quivers and turns, the grim wound on her white face is shocking; yet not realising what has happened, she cannot understand her lover's sudden aversion. The one serious fault with the present programme is in having long and slow explanations before every number, where platitudes about Art being like Nature, and Nature being like Art abound.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Correspondence

WEST INDIAN IN BRITAIN

SIR,—If Norman MacKenzie, W. John Morgan and Mercedes Mackay cannot find colour prejudice superficially then, by God, they are going to dig for it. Here in Birmingham we have Poles, Czechs, Irish, Austrians and Coloured people from various countries. And the Coloured men and women are by no means the least favourably regarded of all these immigrants. In the factory in which I work we have some scores of West Indians and Pakistanis. They are doing a variety of jobs, from sweeping to truck-driving, loading and unloading materials to operating machines, and one has a quite responsible position in one of the offices; the same sort of jobs, in fact, as those done by their White counterparts. I have never seen or heard of any friction or discrimination that could be identified as colour prejudice. A fair number are now employed on the buses as conductors, conductresses and drivers. They perform this work with an urbanity and dignity that has been remarked by many people using the buses.

That there is a problem no one would be so stupid as to deny. But the irritation, it is no more, except in a few extreme cases, is not one of colour prejudice; it is a question of economics and security. In Birmingham, as in most cities, there is an acute housing shortage. Many couples have been on the list for council houses for years. They, too, are living in one or two rooms and paying as much and sometimes more than "Benjamin's" two pounds ten a week, often with the added proviso that there are no children and that they must both be out of the house all day. As far as I know the West Indians have not been given council houses—yes, but obviously the housing situation will become increasingly aggravated with each fresh influx of immigrants. Consequently the fears, suspicions, call them what you will, of the people native to Birmingham are that their chances of a house or a decent flat at a reasonable rent are receding rapidly. Again, all British people have been paying for years a weekly insurance which for men has reached a new high at six shillings and ninepence per week. If for any reason, and the reason may be a good one, they relinquish their jobs they may not draw unemployment benefit for six weeks. They can, of course, invoke the bureaucratic rigmarole of a Referees Court, but this usually gets them nowhere. Then we learn that others who have never paid any insurance contributions are able to draw Assistance immediately upon their arrival in this country from the same funds that our officials so zealously withhold from us when the need arises.

These are the sort of things that cause the irritations that so many slick-thinking people condemn as colour prejudice, which they are not.

CLIFFORD TOLCHARD

165 Mansel Road, Birmingham, 10.

KAMAU KACHINA

SIR,—I note with interest that the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION printed a leader, "The Death of Kamau Kachina," drawing attention to the atrocities in Kenya; something which has deeply disturbed very many people and about which these people can do precisely nothing.

I mention this in view of the fact that your article stated, somewhat glibly, "Thirdly, it is remarkable that this case has aroused no public protest in this country, which used to be sensitive to issues of justice." May I ask, sir, in all humility, how one may publicly protest at this and similar barbarisms?

Over the past ten years or so I have written hundreds of letters to the press and to my M.P. protesting against actions which disturbed me to such an extent that I have compiled a scrap-book of newspaper cuttings from which I will now refresh your memories:—

1. Entire villages destroyed in Malaya.

2. "The Tragedy of Kampi Ya Simba" (Kenya). 2,200 Kikuyu women and children, and 750 men evicted from villages where they had lived for more than three generations, in order that the villages might be destroyed (November, 1952).

3. Two Kenya police reserve officers fined (£50 and £100) for causing actual bodily harm to an African ex-mission teacher (flogging, which was followed by death) (October, 1953).

4. Forty-four Kikuyus sentenced to death for murder of a year-old baby during Lari massacre (September, 1953).

5. Chinese girl, aged 17, killed by security forces in Malaya, and her body, clothed in a green jungle outfit, strapped to an upright plank and exhibited outside a police station (November, 1953).

6. Eleven Africans hanged for a ritual murder in Basutoland (August, 1953).

7. Fine of £50 for ordering five Africans to be whipped with a rhino-hide whip—Kenya police officer (December, 1953).

8. Ten-year-old boy shot dead in Malaya; consorting with terrorists (January, 1954).

9. Mau Mau oath taker drenched in paraffin and set ablaze by 16-year-old Police Reservist (February, 1954).

10. A member of Mau Mau sentenced to death for carrying 10 rounds of ammunition. He also carried one of General Erskine's surrender pamphlets. (This brought a protest from the *News Chronicle*) (February, 1954).

11. Kikuyu woman sentenced to death for possessing seven bullets (February, 1954).

12. Life imprisonment for teenage Kikuyu girl who had one cartridge in her handbag. The judge: "If you had not been under 18 I would have sentenced you to be hanged" (April, 1954).

The above are just 12 examples selected from a very large number.

I have protested hundreds of times, lost very many nights' sleep; on one occasion arrived home after a very busy day's work and wrote letters to four different newspapers concerning a case in Kenya. And now I realise that our much-praised freedoms here in England are purely negative. I detest the people responsible for our colonial savagery, but as for protesting I now realise only too sadly that such a thing is sheer waste of both time and money.

Sutton, Surrey. D. BRADSHAW

BETTER TEETH

SIR,—I should like to point out a few inaccuracies of fact and logic in Dr. Roberts' article in your issue of September 17:

1. One does not add lime to water to soften it. The reverse is true.

2. It is misleading to speak of "the acidity which would otherwise cause lead-poisoning," without further explanation. Some soft water attacks lead pipes, and the proper remedy is to have the domestic connecting pipes made not of lead but of iron, as the main pipes are. Or of copper.

3. It was not "Anglesey, Kilmarnock, Darlington and Watford" which agreed to having their water supplies treated with fluoride, but a handful of fallible men who constitute the Local Authorities of these places. In each place there is strong opposition from an intelligent minority.

4. It is irrational to say that one should not object to doctored water supplies because "food is doctored in a hundred ways." I know it is. It should not be.

5. It cuts no ice to say that fluorine exists in undoctored water. So do many other harmful minerals. So does radioactivity.

6. It is unscientific in these days to assume that something is harmless because it is ingested in very small quantities.

7. It is not logical to equate an anti-bacterial additive such as chlorine (in itself a disagreeable makeshift) with a would-be "do-good" additive such as fluoride.

The principle of do-good additives is, in any case, capable of infinite abuse. One might suggest, perhaps, a harmless bromide for the drinking supplies in Argentina, Cyprus and Morocco; and no doubt some ardent Malthusian could make out a very good case for an anti-fertility substance to reduce the overcrowding in these islands. And how about a little mescaline?

Penny Hill, Amberley, Sussex. D. E. DAVY

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PRIVATE PRACTICE AND THE HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—You have a large following among doctors, politically sympathetic and appreciative of your general standards of excellence, whom you consistently affront by your articles on the functioning of the Health Service. One contributor I recall (an appropriately anonymous ex-patient) who was surprised to find good treatment in hospitals, by the best consultants, etc., going on just as it did before 1948—counting this as evidence for his pious summing-up that "the Health Service does work," which was repeated several times like a refrain. He was happily unaware that the essential change in 1948 was one of finance, not of premises, personnel or treatment, and that he, as a patient, could have no knowledge of the administrative travails of the new system.

The more usual articles, like one from "A Medical Specialist" in a recent issue, complains at length that hospital consultants are still allowed to see private patients and to use private hospital beds. It is declared that patients are squeezed into the private wards under the threat of a very long waiting list for the general wards. Waiting lists necessarily vary between hospitals and between different specialties, but your readers should be reassured that urgent cases are in fact admitted urgently irrespective of the waiting list; while even for non-urgent cases like squints, the waiting list for private patients is in my own teaching hospital actually longer than that for my general wards (about four and three weeks respectively). However, the final answer to this specious argument is that the elimination of private wards would force the consultant to use private nursing homes instead; this might inconvenience the consultant, but would matter little to the patient, and the only benefactors would be the jubilant capitalist owners of the nursing homes who would receive money formerly paid through the hospitals to the Treasury. Is this really what your querulous contributors desire? CONSULTANT

London, W.1.

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JONATHAN CAPE

MARX AS HISTORIAN

SIR,—Mr. Hobsbawm is indignant because Mr. Trevor-Roper (in your issue of August 20) said that Jakob Burckhardt was a better historian and a more accurate prophet than Karl Marx. But his own argument seems to me to establish nothing at all. No educated person would today seek to deny the paramount influence, for good or ill (or both) of Marxism on all forms of historical writing; least of all Mr. Trevor-Roper. But this does not alter the fact that Burckhardt's masterpiece on the Italian Renaissance profoundly affected the methods of study of European civilisation in the last millennium; and has acted as a powerful antidote to one-sided interpretations of the facts by the bigoted followers of many a fanatical creed. Mr. Trevor-Roper points out quite correctly that, whereas Burckhardt's predictions were of a startling originality and accuracy, Marx's were largely falsified by events. To this Mr. Hobsbawm can find nothing better to say than that Heine, too, had successfully seen into the future. So, for that matter, had more than one member of the opposite camp—Maistre and Dostoievsky, for example. Yet none of these claims to be scientific. Marx and Engels did. One of the tests of a true science is capacity for correct prediction. In this, as Mr. Trevor-Roper was concerned to point out, Marx (in company with the other builders of vast historical cosmologies during the last hundred years) had notoriously failed. As for the *Eighteenth Brumaire*, does even Mr. Hobsbawm believe that this interesting *pièce d'occasion* would have survived on its own unaided merits—if its author had not been Karl Marx? Little service is rendered to the memory of one man of genius by wantonly representing his minor writings as incomparably superior to the major achievement of another.

Rome. ISAIAH BERLIN

SIR,—I have only just seen Mr. Trevor-Roper's letter on my return from abroad. Will you allow me a brief reply?

Mr. Trevor-Roper wrote: "As a historian (Marx) is as dead as mutton, or at least as dead as Orosius, Baronius and Bossuet." Whatever this means—and I assume it does *not* mean that these four writers are unduly neglected—it cannot be defended. Nor does Mr. Trevor-Roper succeed in defending it by stating that he meant to say "universal historian" instead of "historian." The term "universal historian" is ambiguous anyway. To throw the *Annales*, the *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle* and—say—the *Preface to the Critique of Political Economy* into a single pot seems to me merely misleading. Darwin and Bishop Wilberforce were both discussing zoology, and perhaps were both wrong; but Wilberforce, even had he been technically better qualified, was not a zoologist in the Darwinian sense.

Mr. Trevor-Roper's other observations are irrelevant. The fact that St. Augustine (whom we are not discussing) utilised Orosius is beside the point. So is the fact that students of the counter-reformation cannot neglect Baronius. My statement that no historian today thinks their views worth a minute's consideration—I ought to have excepted specialists in certain periods of ecclesiastical history—is not invalidated by the claim that Gibbon referred to them. The suggestion that, a century after their respective deaths, Orosius, etc., may have been as alive as Marx in 1955 would be relevant only if it had been made in Mr. Trevor-Roper's original review; but that was not what he said. Nor, since he himself agrees that Orosius, etc., are "dead," are we discussing whether they are worth reading or should have been read.

My point was and is that Marx is not to be compared with the theologians. It may be true that all four have given rise to subsequent orthodoxies, but Marx's historical reputation does not rest on this. (Incidentally, even in this respect he is vastly more important than the others. There is no reference to Orosius, Baronius or Bossuet in the Pope's recent address to the Historical Congress at Rome.) Modern historiography has not been transformed by adopting elements of Orosianism or Baronianism, as it has been transformed by adopting—often in an over-simplified form—elements and methods of approach pioneered by Marxism. Mr. Trevor-Roper and I are agreed that Orosianism, etc., are dead. We disagree on what I believe to be a fact, independent of one's political or ideological sympathies, that Marxism as a historical method and interpretation is today alive. He is at liberty to believe that it ought not to be, but has not, I think, demonstrated that it is not.

I am sorry that the fantastic nature of his remark led me to underestimate his acquaintance with our four writers. However, I am at a loss to understand why my paraphrase of his own claim that Baronius, etc., are "dead" should lead him to accuse me of "ignorant, dogmatic arrogance."

37 Gordon Mansions, E. J. HOBSBAWM
W.C.1.

FEAST OF LANGUAGE

SIR,—Mr. Hills is right, as I discovered before I saw his letter; and I apologise most humbly to Mr. MacDiarmid for my cocksureness about South American Spanish. Having been "faulted" myself, I ought perhaps to leave Mr. MacDiarmid with the last word. Let me give, however, one example of the information in the poem that, where I could check up on it, appeared to me inaccurate:

> On to T. S. Eliot's line
> "Bewray the repricon, outstent the naze"
> And myself with my Ecclefechan Gongorism
> And even Spender's "the narcine torpesce."

Neither Mr. Eliot nor Mr. Spender is guilty of these absurdities; they are the humorous inventions of a polemical Australian writer—gunning generally for modern poetry—whose pamphlet, in which they appear, I had occasion to review a year or two ago. The fact that Mr. MacDiarmid welcomes these spoof lines with open arms does throw doubt, I think, both on his taste in poetry and the soundness of his general philosophy of language.

I know no fashion in which a critic can show "respect" except by giving his honest impression of the words on the page before him. An author's literary manners, as distinct from his personal manners, are a proper subject for criticism; and I am surprised that my strictures on Mr. MacDiarmid's lack of literary tact, his lack of feeling for an audience, should have betrayed him into a string of personalities. I did not think I had anything so ambitious as a "philosophy" for Mr. MacDiarmid to take exception to. I live honestly by my wits. I believe in what Matthew Arnold called "the free play of the mind," and I try, when I can, to help people. Is this typical liberal attitude worth disliking so intensely? As for my "cut-glass accent"—Mr. MacDiarmid borrows the phrase from Dylan Thomas—I have in fact the ordinary slow emphatic speech and marked burr of the middle-class North-Eastern Scot. But I am genuinely sorry that my unusual acerbity of tone should have riled Mr. MacDiarmid; it was due to quite disinterested annoyance at seeing a fine talent egoistically squandered. G. S. FRASER

THE PIG'S REPLY TO THE POET

Pink, fat, content, although not clean
(*Angst* is twin brother of hygiene),
I looked across the fence to see
The poet who examined me.

Drawn face; with horror and compassion
Contemned my bliss after my fashion;
Sad tongue dredged up from heart-burnt mind
Words to describe me (how unkind).
Why should his puritanic song
Regard my fecund bulk as wrong?

As, uninhibited, I squelch
Grunt and rejoice, feed young and belch,
Pattern of flesh fulfilled as meat,
Alive in zest; dead, good to eat.
How many poets can confess
Such dual-purpose blessedness?

Pro Porca RENIÉ HAYNES

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Freud's Middle Years

As children of the twentieth century, inmates of our great global mental hospital, we are all, in a sense, Freud's patients, and it is part of the continuing transference situation that we should go on being madly curious about him. We want to know everything, so that we can reconstruct and possess in image-form this benevolent, Tiresian artist-scientist of genius who went down into the pit of the unconscious and foresuffered all. Yet, inevitably, our attitude is ambivalent, our curiosity tinctured with malice. In so far as Freud appears before us in the paternal or patriarchal role, as the last of the great Hebrew prophets, we must confess to a sneaking wish to denigrate him, to prove to ourselves that he was as frail as his patients. Our appetite for detail, then, is insatiable; fortunately here is Dr. Jones to gratify it while presenting an admirably balanced picture of Freud as a great investigator and a great humanist*.

The circumstances which prompted the writing of this massive work, of which the second volume has now appeared, were outlined in the introduction. For the sake of new readers it is perhaps worth briefly recapitulating. Freud's reticence about his own personal life was extreme, and after his death his family first intended to respect his wish for privacy; but as time passed, owing to ingenious and unscrupulous attempts to cash in and hoist Freud with his own petard, the truth was becoming overlaid by a mendacious legend. It was therefore decided that Dr. Jones should go ahead with a full definitive biography. The first volume raised high expectations of a major work which the second fully sustains. It covers the period 1901-1919. It opens with the happiest years of Freud's life, when he emerged from isolation into the first—and rather premature, as it turned out—glow of recognition, and carries on through the various dissensions to the war, which Freud did not expect and which he at first greeted with an oddly naive little outburst of patriotism. Dr. Jones is lavish as ever with detail and he writes rather more fluently and gracefully than before. He includes an exhaustive review of all Freud's writings and theoretical work during the period, everything from the case-histories to the essay on "The Theme of the Three Caskets."

One of the revelations of the first volume was the extent of Freud's own neurosis, diagnosed by Dr. Jones as anxiety hysteria. This was cured by Freud's herculean self-analysis, which he began in 1897 when he was working on *The Interpretation of Dreams* and breaking free from the spell exerted over him by Fliess, the strange, number-fixated, later paranoid Berlin rhinologist. One of the revelations of the second is the extraordinarily childish behaviour of the first crop of disciples. Having read of the various schisms one was prepared for a good deal of bickering but hardly for quite so prolonged a storm in the nursery as Dr. Jones unfolds. Tension between Vienna and Zurich was heightened by accusations of anti-Semitism. Even Abraham, generally so beautifully balanced, gave his little displays of temperament. As for Ferenczi, the daringly original Hungarian (he, incidentally, attempted during the war to conduct the psychoanalysis of his commanding officer on horseback) whom one had tended to regard as almost on a par with Freud himself, his demands for his master's attention were so exigent that he ruined Freud's holiday in Sicily by pestering him with problems of neuroses and psychological conflicts and preventing him from enjoying his pastime of archæology. An epidemic of slips of the tongue was often a storm signal; more than once, after some particularly tempestuous conference, one is tempted to cry out: heaven help the poor patient on a night like this!

What does emerge from Dr. Jones's story most clearly is the tact, patience and complete absence of dictatorship displayed by Freud himself in dealing with his unruly brood of witch-doctors. The defections of Adler and Stekel did not worry him unduly. Adler's specious description of the ego he compared, wittily, to "the clown who claims to have himself accomplished all the difficult feats of the circus." When Stekel, mock-modestly, compared himself to a dwarf on the shoulder of a giant who could see farther than the giant himself, Freud—privately—commented: "That may be true but a louse on the head of an astronomer does not." But the parting with Jung, so talented, and, for a time, so apparently steeped in psychoanalysis, was much more bitter and more complicated. Freud, sensing Jung's vast ambition, did all he could to gratify it within the framework of the International Psychoanalytical Association. When the final break came in 1913 Jung had been masking his own opinions for some years. As early as 1909 he startled Dr. Jones "by saying he found it unnecessary to go into unsavoury topics with his patients; it was disagreeable when one met them at dinner later on." As a refreshing contrast to all this squabbling and self-seeking, comes the quiet, cosy family life at Berggasse 19, with archæology and literature and mountain-climbing and mushrooming holidays when—

> Freud would sport . . . a Tyrolese costume with visible braces, "shorts," and a green hat with a little Gamsbart brush at its side. . . . He had a habit of creeping silently up . . . and suddenly pouncing to capture the fungus with his hat as if it were a bird or a butterfly.

Dr. Jones's attitude towards his master is deeply respectful, of course, reverent even, but he eschews idolatry and pokes plenty of fun. There are moments when one suspects that he may be pursuing a fantasy—strongly recommended to biographers—which he himself calls "the reversal of generations," and turning Freud into his own son. His psychoanalytical interpretations of Freud will have a varying appeal. Freud as the Jewish Hannibal who could only march on Rome, the Great Mother, when he had come to terms with his father via his self-analysis, and who, on arrival, symbolically thrusts his hand into the Bocca della Veritá in S. Maria Cosmedin—"a superfluous gesture for a man of his integrity"—is one example. Another is a suggested explanation of Freud's passion for truth, plus his distinctly puritan bent, plus the sexual field of his investigations, in the light of a traumatic fantasy in connection with his elder half-brother Phillipp.

In slight contrast, perhaps, to Freud's passionate integrity and titanic industry, was his singular personal charm. This is how an anonymous correspondent (possibly the poetess H.D.) was to describe him, some years after the middle period, in a letter to Havelock Ellis. She is worth quoting, as a second opinion:

> He is a rare exquisite being, small, very fragile . . . always fine, remote, spiritual, yet warm and near and sweet, with, all the time, a saint-like, imp-like quivering sense of humour which alone should put him among the immortals.

This charm, together with a typically Viennese grace, comes out strongly in Freud's writing and gets over well in the later English translations, though it was typical of Freud's loyalty to an old friend that for a long time he resisted all attempts to make him change his official English translator, Brill, who though estimable in many respects was, as Dr. Jones points out, incapable of writing correctly or readably in any known language. Allied to the charm were some endearing inconsistencies: credulity and indiscretion—Freud was a great breaker of his own rules—also extreme kindness, with good often done by stealth. One instance of many which Dr. Jones gives is his generosity towards the unfortunate Wolf Man, a figure well known in psychoanalytical literature, who went through four separate analyses.

An especially fascinating feature of this volume is provided by some of the minor figures in the story. There are eccentrics like Otto Gross of Graz, the genius who was Dr. Jones's first instructor in the practice of psychoanalysis. Later, unfortunately, he developed schizophrenia and was treated by Jung who, after weaning him from morphinism, attempted a psychoanalysis so intensive "that one session continued for twenty-four hours until both their heads were nodding like mandarins." Not long after this Gross escaped over the wall of the Burghölzli and next day sent a note to Jung asking him to pay his hotel bill in Zurich—a familiar syndrome. There are the Freudian sympathisers from other specialities, such as the famous English surgeon Wilfred Trotter, author of *The Herd Instinct*, a man of remarkable all-round brilliance. (He once refused to operate on a patient because he seemed to be entirely without fear and would therefore find the attraction of death too great.) There are also the loyal psychiatric fellow-travellers with Freud, like Dr. Putnam, the Harvard neurologist, who used to plead passionately for the introduction of Hegelian philosophy into psychoanalysis. Freud was polite but negative. "Putnam's philosophy," he said to Jones, "reminds me of a decorative centre-piece; everyone admires it but no one touches it." Elsewhere, in the lecture on *Psychoanalysis as Weltanschauung*, Freud revealed his incomprehension of Hegelianism; a pity, because there are so many dialectical features in psychoanalytical doctrine that positively cry out for a Hegelian interpretation, which, alone, can account for its strength and its weakness, its

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* *Sigmund Freud—Life and Work.* Vol. II: *Years of Maturity* 1901-1919. By Ernest Jones. *Hogarth Press.* 30s.

reductive integrity and its inability to understand synthesis and the emergence of the new. It might be worth disinterring Putnam's paper read at the Weimar Congress in 1911. Then, too, there are interesting lady camp-followers of psychoanalysis, Freud's Egerias. Chief of these was Lou-Andreas Salomé, of whom it was said that she had attached herself to most of the great men of the period, among them Nietszche, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Rodin and Rilke. Of her we get the briefest glimpse, but she makes—partly, perhaps, because of her equivocal and very romantic-sounding name—a curiously vivid impression.

When we take leave of Freud in 1919, he is just beginning to emerge from the hardships of 1914-1918, especially severe in Vienna, and rebuilding his vanished practice. He has already recovered from the deep pessimism of the war years and a new creative mood is taking hold. The Committee, that inner secret society (Abraham, Ferenczi, Rank, Jones, Eitingon, Sachs), the trusted guardians of the doctrine, to each of whom Freud gave a ring, is being gathered together again after wartime dispersal. There are more defections in store—Rank and, to some extent, Ferenczi—and the cancer of the jaw which Freud endured with such stoicism as fully to merit his own description of a fully psychoanalysed patient as one who can meet any situation he is called upon to face; but, for the time being, he is entering another of his happier periods.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Orpheus

Empty it seemed, at first.
I watched the entrance to the cave,
Hoping still, while I divined the worst,
My mind a coward though my hand was brave.

Did I not know, had I not seen
The dearly loved, the long possessed,
Vanish as though we had not been
Anguishing together, breast to breast,
Defying fate, impossible odds
Conjured against our union?
That vow had roused the jealous gods.

Now, through their cunning, she was gone
Through the flowering fronds,
Past the over-hanging rocks,
Into the darkness. It was as though iron locks
Ground home, and bonds
About my limbs prevented
All pursuit of her,
Who without demur
Had guiltily consented
To take, as latterday Eurydice,
This journey that divided her from me,
Leaving us torn apart, to bleed
Since we had been one flesh
Fused in the violence of our need.

She spoke of duty, I of love;
She of payment, I of claim.
But there was nothing I could prove
To counteract her sense of shame.
She, contrite of heart,
Parried the last caress, turned
The strategy to hold her. She had learned
Obedience to the command
That every mortal pair must part
Under a law no mortals understand;
The dreaded mutability, the doom
Under which this love began
Between the first woman, the first man,
Their nuptial bed foreshadowing the tomb.

RICHARD CHURCH

Pol-Pol's Apologia

In the Thick of the Fight. By PAUL REYNAUD. *Cassell.* 45*s.*

In France today, the popular image of M. Paul Reynaud is provided by the skilful artists of *Le Canard Enchainé* Reynaud is "Pol-Pol," a small, crinkly-faced sprite, who has a great deal to say, but cannot make himself heard because his head scarcely reaches the level of the council-table; or, more often, he is a wizened, agile and mischievous monkey, swinging from tree to tree in the political jungle, causing some annoyance to the larger animals, but utterly powerless to prevent them from lumbering down their chosen paths. This image is both unfair and basically correct. Unfair, because Reynaud is, above all, a serious politician, passionately convinced of his views and utterly determined that all shall be made to share them. His political life has a perfectly coherent principle: "The Right, right or wrong." He believes in national honour, personal integrity and financial orthodoxy. He accepts the view that the natural custodian of these three values is the Right, and he is, therefore, faithful to his political friends, even though he may disagree with, or despise, them, and even though he may find it his duty, from time to time, to work with their enemies. Unlike most intelligent Right-wing politicians, therefore, there is no basic conflict between his intellect and his beliefs—only an occasional skirmish. This, more than his record, explains why Reynaud, like Amery in Britain, enjoys the respect of the Left.

At the same time Reynaud, as *Le Canard* suggests, is a political lightweight. Apart from Blum, he was the only important pre-war leader to emerge in 1945 with an absolutely clean record; yet his influence is less than before the war, and despite numerous attempts, he has never succeeded in forming a government. In the Assembly and the Cabinet, his views are always interesting, and often—as on North Africa—brilliantly perceptive; yet they never convince anyone. At several critical points in history, Reynaud has clearly foreseen the future, and suggested policies which subsequent events have proved to be right; but he has never been able, at the time, to convince enough of his opponents to get anything done, nor later, when his views were vindicated, to avoid the spite and jealousy which inevitably surround a man who has been right too often. These are grievous weaknesses in a politician.

How grievous they were in Reynaud's case can now be seen by reading the abridged English version of his memoirs. On all the great issues of the Thirties, Reynaud took the right side. He supported, from 1931 on, devaluation of the franc. He recognised that a Russian alliance was indispensable, and that it should contain specific military provisions. He saw clearly that the Abyssinian crisis, by rousing British opinion, offered France her first, and best, opportunity to enforce the principle of collective security. He was the first French politician to recognise the threat of Hitler, and the only one to realise that France was courting military disaster. He protested vigorously against the strategy of the Maginot Line and the "army of defence." As early as 1935, he had met De Gaulle, and had accepted his theory of armoured warfare; when the Government increased military service to two years in 1936, Reynaud tabled an amendment calling for the creation of an armoured corps. He was a bitter critic of Munich, but decided, rightly, to remain in office, because he believed that by continual nagging he might be able to open the eyes of the generals:

> After Daladier's return from Munich, he went with Gamelin and myself into his study. He found it full of baskets of flowers. He said to us: "It is my policy. It is the Four Power Pact," and he added: "It is possible to talk with those people . . . Ah! if we had ambassadors." I said to Gamelin: "You have now got to find twenty-five divisions."

Yet, when the time of vindication came, the Chamber gave Reynaud only grudging support. When, on March 23, 1940, he presented his government, he received only 268 votes—less than an absolute majority—and he was able to carry on only by agreeing to keep Daladier, who was disastrously attached to Gamelin's "continuous front" theory, at the Ministry of Defence Hence his parliamentary position was, right from the start, precarious. Nevertheless, this cannot entirely explain his curious inability to begin the task of setting France's military house in order and to infuse his Cabinet with some of his own undoubted enthusiasm for the vigorous prosecution of the war. Gamelin, for instance, was permitted to remain Commander-in-Chief long after it was clear that the task was beyond him. Reynaud disagreed strongly with his plan to advance into Belgium in the event of German attack; the failure of the Norwegian campaign, for which Gamelin was largely responsible, gave Reynaud an excellent opportunity to replace him; yet on Daladier's advice, he hesitated until the Germans struck, and Gamelin was allowed to remain in charge for ten more vital days.

Again, why did Reynaud appoint Weygand to succeed Gamelin, and bring Pétain into the Cabinet? He disagreed strongly with the military views of both men—he had been fighting their influence for years. But his explanation is a lame one: "The French like old men, and although they detest war, they love the glorious soldier." One suspects that here, again, Reynaud was under pressure from the rest of the Cabinet. Certainly, this alone explains his failure to dismiss the pair as soon as it became clear that they were a positive hindrance to the war effort. Only once did Pétain contribute to the Cabinet's military discussions and then it was to complain of the lack of carrier-pigeons. Reynaud knew Weygand was thinking in terms of an armistice even before the end of May, but he does not appear to have considered dismissing him until the second week in June, by which time Weygand had already converted half the Cabinet. Throughout the crisis Reynaud always hesitated before the prospect of violent political action. In reality, he had no need to worry about parliamentary majorities since the Chambers were not in session; Jeanneney and Herriot, the two Speakers, were both in substantial agreement with his policies, and the President of the Republic, though hesitant, could have been brought round by some judicious bullying. Yet even as late as June 13, Reynaud still brought forward "political considerations" as a reason for maintaining the defeatist and treacherous Chautemps in the Cabinet. No one could conceivably blame Reynaud for the military *débâcle*—although a number of Frenchmen have attempted to do so—but one is left with the conviction that if he had been sufficiently ruthless, he could at least have persuaded the rump of his Cabinet to leave for North Africa. Indeed, General Spears's contention that had Churchill been allowed to address the French Cabinet on June 11, his eloquence and determination would have swung round the wavering ministers, is probably correct.

Our sympathy with Reynaud is not increased by the manner in which his memoirs are presented. These 656 pages contain little new material. Reynaud is attempting to write not so much his personal reminiscences of the period 1930-1945, as to defend himself from a wide variety of attacks, most of which are not worth bothering about. To do this he quotes, at exhausting length, his own articles and speeches, and the memoirs of Churchill, Weygand, Gamelin and a host of others. As a result, there is little room for his own impressions, the flashes of personal detail which illuminate the historical scene and persuade us that we are reading the truth and not simply a legal *dossier*. Reynaud has nothing to fear from the judgment of history. But both as a writer and a politician he lacks the capacity to convince. So he became the victim, and not the master, of events.

PAUL JOHNSON

Children in Trouble

The Home-Menders: the Prevention of Unhappiness in Children. By BASIL HENRIQUES. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Does anyone really possess the secret of preventing unhappiness in children or, for that matter, in people of any age? Even George Washington only dared offer the citizens of his new republic the right to the "pursuit of happiness," a much more modest ideal. The sub-title of Sir Basil Henriques's book suggests, quite wrongly, an unrealistic approach to the troubles of childhood uncharacteristic of the forthright author. He is keenly aware, however, from life-long experience in the Children's Court and in Youth Clubs, that the main difference between the two groups of youngsters is not so much one of character as of home environment. He wants first to teach young couples to build up happy homes, and secondly to devise a system of seeking out unhappy children and helping them, through trained social workers, before they become Court cases at all. He is, of course, too experienced to under-rate his problem. Bad example is a powerful and very baffling factor, and surprisingly little attention has been paid to the number of delinquents who come from homes where at least one other member of the family has been convicted. At three approved schools the proportion was found to be between 37 per cent. and 50 per cent., and the probation officers in the East London areas found that their figures ranged between 25.7 per cent. and 67 per cent. These homes are not necessarily unhappy, but that does not always make the problem easier. I can recollect a burglar's wife, whose children showed alarming signs of following in their father's footsteps, telling me proudly, "E's a wonderful dad. Never even clips their ears 'cept when 'e catches 'em reading the *News of the World*." How does one straighten out that tangle?

It is one of the merits of this rather discursive and sentimental book that the author has a clearer notion of the essentials of a "good home" than many of his fellow social workers who are apt to be very woolly when it comes to positive suggestions. Writing as a Liberal Jew, he finds a model ready to hand in the religious teaching and family ritual which have enabled his people to defy persecution and poverty throughout the centuries, and are still successful today. We Gentiles may well feel abashed to learn that there are only ten lads in the one approved Jewish school for senior boys and the same number in the Junior School. The excellent home for Jewish unmarried mothers reopened after the war, but has closed down for lack of applicants.

Many of the proposals which the author makes in his plea for an improvement in the social services for the mismanaged child are highly promising, and as he shows by some pitiful case-histories, really urgent. He would speed up the handling of truancy cases and inquire more thoroughly into the cause, he would have trained family case-workers available to co-operate with Health Visitors, he would encourage and enlarge the magnificent work of the Family Service Units But many of the administrative suggestions are extremely controversial. I doubt if either public or officials would welcome a Child Welfare Bureau "where anyone can go if they fear there is anything wrong with a family (not only their own but a neighbour's) or that the children are being neglected or are unhappy." Unless the grounds for interference by the officials could be much more sharply defined, any such scheme would create impossible situations and really give the critics of the Welfare State something to wail about. They might also be justifiably alarmed by the extent of the new powers which it is proposed to heap on the Children's Officers, who have hardly settled down yet to their already extensive duties; let them be warned by the fate of the Lord High Chamberlain, who became such a powerful official that no one could be trusted with the office, and the post has been vacant for centuries. But Sir Basil is always worth

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listening to even if one cannot wholly agree, and for most of the reforms here advocated he puts up an overwhelming case.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

Our German Allies

Back Into Power. By ALISTAIR HORNE. *Max Parrish.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

City Divided. By EWAN BUTLER. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 16*s.*

"This is the story of an essentially decent Government fighting to make good under the most difficult circumstances in a country with a hideous past, and—so far—succeeding." These words from his Preface indicate the purpose which inspired Mr. Alistair Horne to write *Back Into Power*. Three years as a staff Correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph* made him indignant at the inadequacy and unfairness with which news of the Federal Republic is covered in most British newspapers. He has tried to redress the balance by writing a chronicle of events as he saw them "from a window in Bonn" during the three years of his assignment—from May, 1952, when the E.D.C. Treaty was being drawn up, until May, 1955, when the Paris Treaty was almost an accomplished fact.

Mr. Horne has two of the qualities essential to a good reporter—strong convictions and a readiness to state the facts which do not fit them. In his eyes Dr. Adenauer can do nothing (really) wrong and the Social Democrats nothing right. When the Chancellor, on the day of his election triumph, declares from the balcony of the Rathaus, "Instead of reunification, let us talk of liberation," Mr. Horne assures us that "*Befreiung*, in this context, had no sinister meaning." When he takes dangerous neo-Nazis into his Cabinet, we are reassured that he is "muzzling their strong men with Cabinet jobs." No such tolerance is accorded to the Social Democrats. Dr. Schumacher is roundly accused of "leading them into a cul-de-sac of nationalism" and their opposition to rearmament is successively described as "rabidly nationalist," "unconstructive" and "irresponsible." This kind of partisanship would have made his book valueless if Mr. Horne had not also recorded all the factors which tell against it. He gives a full account of the Naumann case, and his conclusion that neo-Nazism has up till now been an insignificant movement is probably correct. His excellent passages on Krupps, on war criminals, on the Otto John affair and on the Right-wing elements in the Adenauer coalition suggest clearly enough who is "back in power." What has taken place under the Adenauer regime is not a Counter-Revolution but a Restoration. The Federal Republic is dominated by a kind of capitalism and a kind of clericalism which may suit American policy, but which would shock even a Right-wing Republican if he found it in the United States.

Even on the twin issues of German rearmament and German reunification Mr. Horne plays fair and provides us with the answer to his own uncritical support for Dr. Adenauer. Looking back over the three years which have passed since the decision to integrate a rearmed Germany into the Atlantic defence system, he writes:

> Germany, once more back in power as a first-class force in world affairs . . . holds the balance of power in the cold war.

And he adds:

> The indications are that the West Germans will be disappointed in reunification for perhaps many years to come. Sensible ones realise this in their heart of hearts. But the West will be constantly called upon to mitigate their disappointment.

I agree: this indeed is the situation created by the Paris Treaties. Strange that it does not occur to Mr. Horne that there must be something amiss with an Anglo-American policy which has given to the Germans the balance of power and to the Russians the choice of when and how Germany shall be unified!

Back Into Power is a thoroughly useful book for anyone who wants to know the salient facts about West German politics. Unfortunately, its English is agonisingly Central European. I spent some time wondering in what language Mr. Horne could have been thinking when he wrote:

> That such a fundamental split exists in the German conscience will obviously constitute a serious factor in the morale of Herr Blank's forces. One need hardly stress the implications if, in a moment of acute crisis, soldiers and junior officers are going to be wondering about the ultimate loyalty of some of their officers. But there is yet a second psychological conflict which faces the future German soldier, and is an even more serious one. It is the problem of obedience vis-à-vis war crimes.

City Divided is a much better written but also a much less serious book. It is worth looking at for the photographs, which are both well selected and well reproduced; but the text can only be recommended to a tourist or a business man off to West Berlin for the inside of a week; and even he should be warned that he will have reached the last of Mr. Butler's bright "human interest" stories before the air trip is half completed. One feature article is as good as a feast. In order to write a digestible book, something more is required than to print a string of them and give them chapter headings.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The Industrial Apostle

The Way to Ilala. By FRANK DEBENHAM. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

Livingstone and Africa. By JACK SIMMONS. *English Universities Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The essential fact about Livingstone is that he was born and bred in industrial Lanarkshire, in the earliest and bleakest beginnings of the Industrial Revolution; and that he was so filled with the conviction that this way of life, and the religion which inspired it, was superior to any other, that he gladly devoted his whole existence to the spread of its blessings throughout the world. He had an infinite capacity for taking pains. He was also a man so transparently and transcendentally good that he impressed this quality on all who ever met him. He chose a life which called out every one of those qualities to the final point of destruction, and it made him great.

He died, at length, at Ilala, on his knees; as convinced as ever of the supreme importance of the tasks to which he had set his hand; fortunate in his end, though vanquished. Thereafter, so great was the love and trust which he had evoked amongst his followers, poor and unlettered men, not even of his own race, that they set themselves to bear his dead body from the centre of Africa till they could hand their burden over to his own people; that these might receive the body of their great man, and give it fitting burial. After six months of incessant travel these Africans successfully discharged this self-imposed task. No more touching tribute has ever been paid to any man by his fellows.

It is difficult for our generation to recapture such emotions; either of the leader or of the followers. Yet unless we can do so, intellectually at least, we shall never understand either the nineteenth century in our own country, or the twentieth century in many other lands today.

The shorter of these two books, *Livingstone and Africa*, is simply a life of Livingstone; since it is not possible to separate the two. *The Way to Ilala* is a description, from a geographer's point of view, of the tremendous endeavours and tremendous achievements, in the technical field, of this ex-cotton-mill operative, this missionary doctor; to whom Professor Debenham gives the title, in his opening chapter, of "the greatest geographer that Africa has ever seen."

Professor Debenham certainly has himself travelled the country which Livingstone pioneered. So, when he comments on Living-

stone's powers of under-statement, as for instance in the sentence from his diary, "Cow-itch very annoying," he is able to bear first-hand witness about it. This plant is now known as the "Hell-Fire Bean":

> Bean pods covered with fine silky hairs which cause a combination of itch and burn worse than anything else ever met by the author . . . which can also blow off the pods on to one's clothing, and soon work through to the skin.

Such a passage does more than could pages of description to bring home to the reader the infinite stoicism, by which Livingstone penetrated, where so many men had turned back.

But this is merely endurance, one incident of African travel. The geographer's achievement was the map-making, the collection of volume after volume of statistics, the trying-out and discarding of theory after theory, of possibility after possibility. The great discoveries—such as that of the Victoria Falls, and of Lake Nyasa—were made almost incidentally, while Livingstone was furiously seeking to comprehend the plan and structure of this most baffling of continents. All this is faithfully recorded with illustrations from his diaries, and photostats of the observations.

Whether this driving urge for discovery, this monomania of the pioneer, had at the end of Livingstone's life become the true impelling force of his journeys, is still a matter for argument amongst his biographers. Professor Debenham says:

> We are accustomed to say that David Livingstone was turned by chance from being a missionary into an explorer and geographer. I think this is the wrong way to put it; he was a geographer from the first and by nature, and became a missionary as a sort of aside, or *en route*.

On the other hand, Sir Reginald Coupland thinks that "through all his exploratory work, his ultimate object was still the spread of Christianity." We have to keep in mind not merely Livingstone's ultimate object, but the technique which he proposed to employ. That technique, stated by him over and over again, was the use of commerce to eradicate the physical evils from which Africa was suffering; of which incomparably the greatest was the slave trade. So vast is Africa that two completely separate slave trades had existed, one on the West Coast to the New World, the other on the East Coast to the Old. The slave trade carried on by Asia against Africa was no less shameful, and infinitely more destructive, than that carried on by Europe. But the slave trade on the Atlantic had already been extinguished when Livingstone made himself into the spearhead of the attack upon that of the Indian Ocean. This was the driving force of all his ventures. It is set down, in his own words, on his tombstone in the Abbey: "May Heaven's rich blessing come down on everyone—American, English, Turk—who will help this open sore of the world."

This was the end that he sought. His great marches up-country were not merely for the purpose of going where no white man had ever set foot before. They were to find a highway to the interior, a highway for commerce, an avenue for trade. Also—though this was a very secret ambition, only once set down—to find high healthy lands where men from his own country could settle, and be the seed-bed of what he believed essential both to the prosperity and to the salvation of the lands he loved.

The sparks of Livingstone's determination, however, were sufficiently intense to set off bonfires wherever they landed. So it was in geography, and elsewhere. He died at last, exploring along the swamps on the upper waters of one of Africa's interminable rivers which he hoped would prove to be the Nile (it was his last ambition), but suspected might only be the Congo (which it was). He was "all out on his feet," riddled with fever, kept going only by his unconquerable soul. He had failed in his last endeavour. But there should also be remembered the picture he drew of himself, "a dumpy sort of man with a Bible under his arm," and his simple delight in his earlier journeys.

> The mere animal pleasure of travelling in a wild unexplored country is very great. Brisk exercise imparts elasticity to the muscles, fresh and healthy blood circulates through the brain, the mind works well, the eye is clear, the step is firm and a day's exertion always makes the evening's repose thoroughly enjoyable.

What men they were, these Victorians. No wonder they conquered the world.

WALTER ELLIOT

Prose for General Purposes

Style. By F. L. LUCAS. *Cassell.* 18*s.*

One thing we lost in Dylan Thomas was our only baroque prose stylist. For it is odd how completely, since Dryden and the foundation of the Royal Society, the idea of naked naturalness has taken hold of the language of Nashe, Fuller, Donne, Browne, Urquhart and the Authorised Version. Our master today is still that disarming Sam Smiles of the Twenties, H. W. Fowler, with a few recent emendations by Miss Nancy Mitford.

Mr. Lucas is a Fowlerite. I do not mean that his book has been put together in the form of a dictionary (it is in fact an expansion of lectures). Nor is it much concerned with language points. The underlying conviction seems nevertheless to be that, when allowance has been made for changes in "usage," rules may be deduced which, if liberally interpreted, will cover all cases. Probably, there is no other point of view from which any but a purely historical book on style could be written. Although one might wish they would do something of the kind unbidden, one could not encourage the young to write English like Beddoes, Doughty, Meredith, Joyce or Hopkins, let alone Henry James.

And so the subject becomes much narrower than it seems. The greater uses of language arise in response to problems intolerably specific. Style in a generalised sense is the concern of critics and essayists, journalists, public speakers, preachers and publicists. It will not even do for philosophers, though it may help them. It can do nothing for a dramatist and little for a modern novelist. As to poets, Mr. Lucas does not explicitly bar them, but style in his sense is generally understood to be prose style, though Yeats was as much a stylist in his verse as in his prose, and Eliot is more so.

None of Mr. Lucas's views on style is surprising. None, so far as I can see, is wrong. He insists that one should write with character, clarity, brevity and variety, urbanity and simplicity, good humour and gaiety, good sense and sincerity, good health and vitality, some concreteness of image and some feeling for prose-rhythm and the sound of words. These qualities are discussed in the various chapters and copiously illustrated with quotations from several literatures. The book's most obvious merit lies in these quotations. There are almost as many in French as in English, and their range and aptness are remarkable. They are conspicuously short of the present day. A piece of Virginia Woolf is subjected to rhythmical analysis, and there are passages from Synge and Hardy to show the virtues of popular speech. Belloc and Chesterton are convicted of hyperbole.

Mr. Lucas's references to the world of today consist in the main of commendations of Churchill and Montgomery, snarls at two living critics, references to a car Mr. Lucas evidently possesses, derisive quotation from the essays of students influenced by the New Criticism, and the expression of such blind untruths as: "Aristocracy is now out of fashion."

That is the book's least attractive side. Mr. Lucas is under no obligation to tell us whether he also has good students or that some of our contemporaries write like angels. But there is

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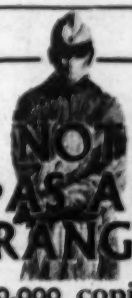
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MICHAEL JOSEPH

a suggestion of positive rancour in the references to his pupils; and this suggestion weakens his claim to be concerned with getting English well written as well as getting English writers appreciated and enjoyed. (Or could it be that these references were designed to provoke laughter among the audience in Cambridge? I feel a genuine uncertainty on this point. When Mr. Lucas himself aims at exemplifying good humour and gaiety, the result is not always what he may have intended. He quotes some excellent jokes made by other people. His own jokes are terrible.)

The most living thing in the book I found to be the portrait which emerges of Dr. Johnson. This is not a set-piece, but Mr. Lucas clearly feels a particular sympathy with Johnson, and one is led step by step to see him as the embodiment of almost everything which Mr. Lucas most properly admires: an impressive demonstration.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

Asian Landscapes

India: New Pattern. By LADY HARTOG. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Indonesia: Land of Challenge. By MARGUERITTE HARMON BRO. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Struggle for Asia. By SIR FRANCIS LOW. *Muller.* 15*s.*

India New Pattern is not a travel book though it is a record of travel in 1953 when, after an absence of twenty years, Lady Hartog visited the country to attend the Silver Jubilee of the All India Women's Conference. Lady Hartog (who, lamentably, was killed in a climbing accident last year) lacks the easy style of the professional reporter and avoids the snap judgments of the visitor who lands in India for the first time with an eye for the photogenic and a phrase which beguiles. But I know of no other book which gives such a good idea of the new India; the immense task of transforming the whole administration into a welfare administration; local and rarely publicised efforts to build more hospitals, schools and libraries, to train nurses and teachers, to help delinquent children, to improve milk supplies, to safeguard the factory worker and to abolish untouchability in practice as well as on paper. Because Lady Hartog knew India intimately in British times, she could gauge where progress has been achieved, and where there has been a decline. She is rather equivocal on the subject of Kashmir, but she has no doubts that "the first surrender to the agitation for Linguistic States" in Andhra was a dangerous precedent. She is under no illusion that the "testing time for Congress will come at the next elections, if living standards by then have not definitely improved." Which shows that although her glasses may be tinted, Lady Hartog is highly realistic.

Indonesia: Land of Challenge is written with a much lighter touch. Margueritte Harmon Bro is in the best tradition of modern American reporters, human, factual, lively, broadminded, fast-moving. She took the trouble to learn Bahasa Indonesian, and, since she had already learnt Chinese during a six-year stay in that country, she was able to talk both with Indonesians and with their large minority of three million Chinese. As the wife of the American cultural attaché in Indonesia, she might so easily have wandered through Java, Sumatra, Bali, and other islands expressing the superiority of the American way of life. But whilst she often noticed, and recorded, the absence of desirable, as well as superfluous gadgets, she threw herself wholeheartedly into the life of the country, enjoying national dances and customs, and always alive to the great beauty of Indonesian landscape.

Mrs. Bro was an assiduous fact-finder. Her approach was sympathetic; she reached below the surface of the deeply emotional nationalism of many young Indonesians. She grasped, as few foreigners have done, the parent-child characteristic of Dutch rule which enabled the colonial Power to present a guardian's face to the world whilst humiliating those whom they ruled.

By her unwillingness to accept either Dutch or Indonesian propaganda in Djakarta, Mrs. Bro was able to take a far more objective and long-term view about the Republic than the usual visitor who lives in a Dutch hotel in the capital and then exchanges it for a week-end in Bali—again in a Dutch hotel. Her chapters on Education, Health and Social Welfare show what advances have been made. But the picture is not all rosy. The fissiparous tendencies of regionalism exist to-day, as they did in Dutch times, and successive Governments have so far failed to meet their challenge. "Nepotism in high places," writes Mrs. Bro, "is the accepted order; . . . you propose my wife's first cousin's brother-in-law and I'll recommend your uncle's son-in-law by his third wife." She sometimes found corruption in administration, often frustration and inefficiency. If, in her enthusiasm, she seems to minimise some of these shortcomings, it is primarily because she regards them as the symptoms of adolescence.

The picture of Indonesia in Sir Francis Low's book is very different. He pays far too much attention to Dutch propaganda from Djakarta. The quotations he chooses from the press show how uncritical his prejudices can make him. Can he, for instance, believe the following? "There hardly is a lower official without big debts or a higher one who is not a partner in some deal, no one who does not on pay day try to change his rupiahs into foreign currency."

Struggle for Asia covers well-trodden ground and it has little that is original to say on the mobilisation of non-Communist Asian countries into an anti-Communist front. Sir Francis has, of course, an intimate knowledge of India and Pakistan, and he places special emphasis on the role of India in world affairs. I doubt whether Pandit Nehru can see himself as Sir Francis Low paints him—a kind of St. George of Asia slaying the Chinese Communist dragon.

I think many Asians must be getting bored by the writings of Westerners—old Burma hands, old India hands, old China hands—who play down colonialism as a factor in international affairs, who see little reason why Asians and Africans have a good deal in common, who think that Asia is, in some curious way, "for sale." But I feel equally sure that Asian readers will welcome the understanding shown by Lady Hartog and Mrs. Bro, and pay as much attention to their criticisms as to their compliments.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

Judo in the Air

The Soaring Pilot. By ANN and LORNE WELCH and F. G. IRVING. *Murray.* 15*s.*

Playground in the Sky. By "BILL" GOTCH. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"Are they old-fashioned aeroplanes?" asked a small boy (more used to jets) watching the launches and landings during the National Gliding Championships last July. However, far from being old-fashioned, the sport of gliding is only about thirty-five years old. It has developed after the advent of powered flying—a curious and probably unique turn of the course of "progress," as if the invention of the rifle had given a new impetus to archery. There are now in England some thirty Gliding Clubs, and at the International Championships last year 19 nations competed.

The ultimate aim in gliding is to achieve competence at soaring: to make successful use of upcurrents of air. And the soaring glider is surely the flying machine par excellence. In the air it turns to its own ends the power of the very medium it operates in—and with all the effortlessness of a Judo wrestler using his opponent's strength; but on the ground it comes juddering to a standstill, topples over on to one wing, and becomes as ungainly as Baudelaire's Albatross and as unwieldy as any other lump of wood and glue. The glider-pilot climbs on the wind, deflected up as it buffets against a cliff; on columns of air rising off the sun-heated ground; or on the smooth waves that can build up behind hills and mountains. Thus gliders have reached 44,000 feet, and covered up to 500 miles picking their way from one area of lift to the next.

Ann and Lorne Welch have collaborated with F. G. Irving to produce a most valuable textbook. One of their aims is "to eliminate much of the witchcraft which is often supposed to inform those who attain success in soaring," and in this they certainly succeed. Most of the first half of the book is by Mr. Irving, and very technical it is. He halts the glider in mid-flight and teaches us what it can do and what it does it with. He advises on design, dissects the dashboard instruments, and analyses the machine's downward path through the air in accurate (mathematical) terms. His comments are always carefully related to gliders specifically, not just to aircraft in general. But although what he has to say is of intense interest to the glider pilot, much of it is hardly essential to the job of flying: though he agrees that "The pilot is not in the least interested in how many amps the artificial horizon is taking," that is precisely what he goes on to tell us. His attention to detail is meticulous as, for example, when he even suggests what wiring-insulator to buy, "the best being a light fawn-coloured rubber tubing."

The second part of the book makes fewer demands on the reader. To some it will come as a reward for having been good and done their theory under Mr. Irving. Not that we are encouraged to indulge in fantasy. The authors write with astringent common sense. Birds often circle in the invisible upcurrents, thus revealing their presence to the pilot who may then hurry over and join in. Fascinating? Well useful, rather. And the less exciting clues offered by rising smoke and dust are noted with just the same emphasis. The glider pilot has to develop a whole kind of fieldcraft: we learn that "telephone

J. B. Priestley
and
Jacquetta Hawkes

JOURNEY DOWN A RAINBOW

Mr. and Mrs. Priestley visited the American South-West with a set purpose: to observe and reflect upon man as a social animal (i) in primitive society, a form persisting in New Mexico among the Pueblo and Navaho Indians, (ii) in the booming technocracy of mid-twentieth century Texas.

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Out on Monday

HEINEMANN

poles are about 60 to 80 yards apart"—a guide to choosing a field long enough to land in. Also that cows will make better companions than horses (who get too excited), while sheep are best of all. The chapters on cross-country flying and on the exacting task of working in cloud, are particularly good. And to have experts admitting quite casually that "sooner or later everyone gets lost," is somehow very reassuring.

Playground in the Sky is altogether less ambitious. With its large, simple diagrams, it is meant for beginners, indeed it is partly intended to encourage taking up the game. Like other writers before him, Mr. Gotch compares gliding with sailing and ski-ing—and agrees the analogies are inadequate. Himself an experienced pilot, he has not forgotten what it felt like to be a beginner. This is a rare quality; and although he gives way too much to reminiscences (particularly about powered flying) he does often convey both the thrills and the anxieties as he experienced them. He writes with enthusiasm, but the chattiness, the assumed naivety ("And think of the poor compass") are more tiresome than engaging and sometimes quite irritating. ("You cannot stop and ask a passer-by, 'Excuse me, is this the right way for Leicester?'"). Otherwise his explanations are terse and clear.

JOHN HOPKINS

New Novels

No Traveller Returns. By JAMES LORD. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

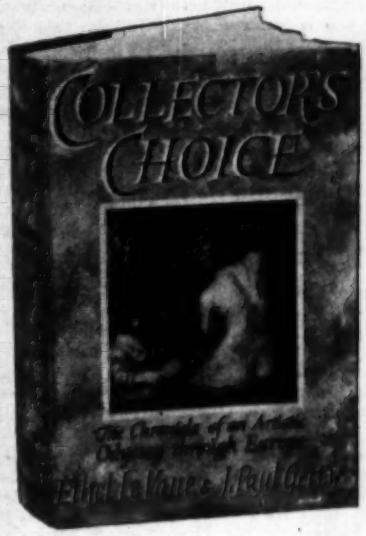
Voices Under the Window. By JOHN HEARNE. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Vicarious Years. By JOHN VAN DRUTEN. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

When lately the pessimists were talking about the Death of the Novel, wasn't what they were really lamenting (and shouldn't they really have been celebrating?) the passing of the Private Income Novel—that kind of novel which took over from poetry as the first-choice form of self-expression for the unhappy, sensitive young with a gift for words? But a novel takes a deuce of a time just to get itself written, and with the virtual drying-up of the private income, the flux of those formless, shapeless, drama-less, sad semi-autobiographies has virtually dried up too. The novel is no longer even, I believe, the form which the young first think of when they contemplate an assault on the literary world. But if the novel is shedding that kind of prestige, that may be all the better for the novel. It may rediscover its real self.

If there is any truth in this, however, it is only true for us in our tight little isle. There is still a big backwash from the States for us to wade through. There the supply of private income is by no means exhausted, and its heirs slouch up and down the Left Bank, mooch beside the Grand canal, hugging their problems to them as they copulate their way across a continent they ambivalently envy and despise. Mr. James Lord's *No Traveller Returns* is a prize specimen—no, it is the prize specimen—of the type. If Mr. Lord could only invent a plot, if he had any sense of situation, any feeling for drama, any ability to create character, he might become a novelist. That is, if he could also develop a sense of form, pace and rhythm. All the equipment he has at the moment is his sensibility, which is considerable, his feeling for words, which is sporadic, his cultivation, which is of the kind known as O.K. (his hero is habitually referred to as D.), and his experience of life which, if he is as young as he seems, is necessarily limited. And he has, of course, his problem.

D. is an unhappy rich young man who is returning to Europe from a brief visit to his native country to continue the Search. It carries him, the Search, through France, Switzerland and Italy and, need I add, he fails to find. Not, you may think, unnaturally, since he seems not at all certain what it is he is looking for, or anyhow,



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doesn't share the knowledge with his audience. But the experienced highbrow reader will guess it is really Himself. D. relates the fag-end of an affair with Anne, the wife of a diplomat, who is waiting for him, but she isn't It. He decides to leave her ("'I've decided,' he said, and the words resounded in his brain with the exquisite clarity of a spiritual revelation"). He almost begins to write an historical essay ("What a horrible night! And to think that I'd been planning to spend today at the Bibliothèque Nationale looking up references on Du Guesclin"). He then decides, after being turned down by the nice girl he seduced on the boat coming over, to try Anne again, but this time it's Anne's turn to refuse and, travel being the great escape-mechanism ("Again he savoured the unique, ever intoxicating promise of a journey") he sets out for Constantinople, the mess with Anne having somehow explained everything to him. He has discovered the end he is looking for—"his own complete non-existence."

> And there was no turning away from it. Nor did he wish to turn away. For this was real at last: in this he could see himself, how bitter, how lamentable, how alone. And if he could just bear it, if he could bear it in time, he might yet live: only for it, perhaps, but he would live. Sick, dizzy, shivering with the nausea of his knowledge, he turned away from the ambiguous and tantalising sea.

This is the kind of highbrow novel (a drawing of the author by Picasso graces the dustjacket) which would indeed be the death of the form if it were allowed to choke up the path much longer. But economics will see that it doesn't. The novel, like everyone else, will have to start earning its keep.

The other main threat to the novel has come from the opposite end of the field, the near-documentary, the fictionalised slice of contemporary history, the propaganda plug in story form. Mr. John Hearne in *Voices under the Window*—like *No Traveller Returns*, a first novel—skirts this dangerous ground when he takes a riot in Jamaica as the framework of a portrait of a young political leader. But he does skirt it, and his success in doing so is the main reason why we look forward hopefully to Mr. Hearne's next book. *Voices Under the Window* is compelling, vivid, lively, evocative—and incomplete.

Mark Lattimer is "chopped" by a dope-mad West Indian on the edge of the riot, and is carried dying into a nearby house. While the riot works itself out in the streets below, he remembers on his deathbed a variety of the incidents that have formed him—the day he discovered as a boy that, although "fair" he was not technically "White"; his idyllic first affair while training for the Air Force; his combat days from an English airfield; his marriage, and student life in London; his return to the West Indies and the discovery of his gift as a speaker. Mr. Hearne makes each of these flashbacks remarkably convincing, as well as managing the transitions skilfully. But they don't in the last analysis add up to a portrait of the young politician who is dying on the bed. We want to know much more than we are told, and are teased by what is left out, just because the author convinces us that he knows himself. He is clear-sighted about his character: he doesn't fake the truth about him, but, though we feel his authority with his lieutenants, even on his deathbed, we don't see where it grows out of that part of the background Mr. Hearne selects to show us. What we are left with is descriptions of action observed with a fresh and lively eye and communicated in a vivid and lively style which successfully evokes the noise and smell and horror of a riot.

Mr. van Druten, who knows all about the dramatic form and how to catch and keep an audience and never let them go, takes us in his new novel, *The Vicarious Years*, into the reality behind the *Boy Friend* world, a well-off suburb in the Twenties. Teddy Attridge, who might even be a simulacrum of Mr. van Druten when young, has literary ambitions which lead him to pay envious visits to studios furnished with divans and black and orange cushions, where Life goes on. In his easy, a trifle sentimental, way, Mr. van Druten traces his growth as the conventions of the old world conflict with the values of the new. It is a nice point, made with a certain cunning of concealment, that the young man's emancipators are respectively a slut and a drunk, and the period is skilfully evoked in the kind of problems which the young people rather naively discuss.

RICHARD LISTER

Naturalist Eccentric

Letters of Charles Waterton. Edited by R. A. IRWIN. *Rockliff*. 18*s*.

It was the habit of Charles Waterton, even in his old age, to sleep on the floor with a wooden block for a pillow. He would rise at three, spend an hour in his private chapel, and then start reading a chapter from the life of St. Francis Xavier, and another from *Don Quixote*—both in the original Spanish—after which he would write letters and mount birds till eight o'clock, when he had breakfast and the day began.

Waterton's letters—most of them to George Ord, an American ornithologist—are all one could expect from such a well-centred eccentric.

> We are in a strange state of agitation, debt and immorality. Parliament meets in six days. All is intense anxiety about the Reform Bill. For my own part I consider it a humbug and I think that both the King and Ministers wish it at the devil.

He writes later of the potato disease ravaging the countryside; of railroads, that were all the go; of the Chartists, beginning their agitation, and of Queen Victoria, who chose that moment to spend £70,000 on a riding school for herself. At the same time, he makes rude remarks about Garibaldi, and thinks nothing of "your canting, cunning and calumniating Mrs. Beecher Stowe" who, with the art of humbug at her fingertips, went to Leeds to receive money and public thanks from the Mayor. "I was invited to the farce but I would not go. Having once just dipped into that lying romance called *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, I soon saw that it is a made-up book." However, he was later to attend a lecture on Bloomerism given by two fair Yankee ladies, and was converted on the spot.

These squirearchical opinions came from a warm if sometimes angry heart. He was a generous man, especially in his antics—did he not climb to the top of the cross surmounting the dome of St. Peter's, and ride upon a cayman in Guiana?—and at his home he distributed medicines to the poor (pills of jalap and calomel, good for anything from yellow fever to erysipelas) and extolled blood-letting as a cure for lumbago, at a time when surgeons had given up the practice. "The result is that two-thirds of their patients die of inflammation of the brain, the lungs, the liver and the bowels." He himself had once to consult a bone-setter after surgeons had done nothing for his dislocated arm. "He is a stout little man, made like Hercules. 'Doctor,' said I, 'I am come for your opinion.' 'Ah Squire,' said he, 'them shittering fellows you have had about you have made sore work of you. . .'"

Waterton is, of course, famous for his interests in natural history. His park, round which he built an enormous wall, was one of the first reserves, even though poachers sometimes made away with his foreign geese and his pigeons; and he was continually adding to the collections of birds and animals which he had formed during his wanderings in America. He invented a revolutionary technique for mounting specimens, and in his letters he is always pouring scorn upon the ill-stuffed monsters to be met with in the various European museums, and in the closet naturalists who had never observed alive the objects of their study. He himself was always looking at the birds in the neighbourhood, and remarked upon them:

> We have great quantities of wild fowl here but scarcely any fieldfares. . . . This I attribute to the want of food, as our blockhead dandy farmers crop their hedges down to the size of gooseberry trees, so that there is neither shelter nor aliment for them.

FRANCIS HUXLEY

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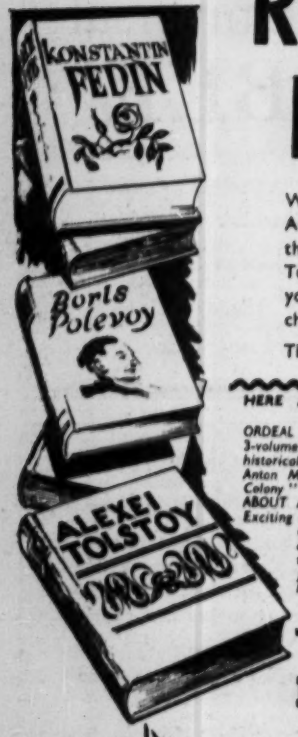

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REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

Basil Ward has written a new preface and epilogue to W. R. Lethaby's classic *Architecture* (Oxford, 18s.) Hilaire Belloc's *Cruise of the Nona* has been reissued with an introduction by Lord Stanley of Alderley (Constable, 20s.). Rebecca West's massive record of Yugoslavia, *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, now appears in one volume (Macmillan, 36s.). There are second editions of Maurice Cranston's *Freedom* (Longmans, 12s. 6d.), R. L. Chambers's *Novels of Virginia Woolf* (Oliver & Boyd, 5s.), L. C. B. Seaman's *From Vienna to Versailles* (Methuen, 9s. 6d.), and Swarthout's and Bartley's *Principles and Problems of American National Government* (Oxford, 55s.). On September 29 Penguin Books are publishing Cecil Woodham-Smith's *Florence Nightingale* (3s. 6d.), H. E. Bates's *Colonel Julian and other stories* (2s. 6d.), *Famous Trials 5*, edited by James H. Hodge (2s. 6d.) and three detective stories—Roy Vickers's *Murdering Mr. Velfrage*, E. R. Punshon's *Information Received* and David Dodge's *Shear the Black Sheep* (2s. 6d. each). New Everyman volumes to come out on the same day are Thoreau's *Walden*, with an introduction by Professor Basil Willey, Emerson's *Essays* (introduction by Sherman Paul) and Voltaire's *Candide and Other Tales* (introduction by H. N. Brailsford—Dent, 6s. each); also *The Count of Monte Cristo* (two volumes, 7s. each).

Gramophone Notes

THE kind of practical joke with which opera buffa makes such play—gallants disguised as girls or greybeards, enormously fat men precipitated into tubs of water—appealed more to the eighteenth-century sense of humour than it does to ours. Thus Mozart's *Entführung* survives in spite of its irritating libretto and makes for us the better recording material because in this form we can dispense with the puerile stage business. The latest version (*DG.) is in most respects wholly admirable and a great improvement on the Decca set. Spoken dialogue is reduced to the minimum; the orchestral part (RIAS/Fricsay) is deft and mellifluous, the balance ideal; the Belmonte (Ernst Häflinger) is lyrical and light in hand, and there is an enchanting Blondine (Rita Streich). The chief soprano, Maria Stader, is, however, here below her own best standard: the coloratura is as usual good, but elsewhere her singing is flavourless and none too secure. Still, these shortcomings are not constant enough to spoil an excellent set. There are no faults of performance or recording to mar the issue of Britten's *Saint Nicholas*, by the English Opera Group with Peter Pears as soloist (**D.). I cannot, however, think that this cantata will ever rank among Britten's best works. There are indeed touching episodes, and others that are humorous or that illustrate the text with genial imagery; but the melodic invention is thin and gives way too often to facile recitative, which is dull, although sung here with wonderful authority and attack. Again, "Serve the Faith" is oddly conventional, and the two hymns, though doubtless suited to the occasion for which the work was written, sound stodgy and naive in the context of the rest of the music.

A new issue of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto (Kempff/Berlin Phil/Van Kempen.*DG.) comes up against strong competition, especially from Clifford Curzon's admirable version. The Berlin Philharmonic do not here seem quite at their best, and the tuttis sound mushy; but Kempff's account of the solo is most distinguished and personal, without being in the least eccentric. This so variously poetic work can bear the impress of many different interpreters, and this one combines immaculate ease of execution with a masterful intentness. In place of Beethoven's cadenzas, which are admittedly perfunctory, the pianist uses an interesting set (by whom?) embellished with trumpet calls. But despite the excellence of the soloist, I believe most discophiles would find this version inferior to the Curzon, and they will probably feel the same about the latest issue of Dvorak's Cello Concerto (Navarra/New SO/Schwarz.*Cap.). André Navarra gives a noble performance, more impassioned than Fournier's, while avoiding the excessive vibrato with which some cellists overemphasize the emotional part. But the balance of the recording is poor, cell. too constantly prominent, and much of the very important woodwind detail goes unheard. The same composer's Violin Concerto is certainly not among his more inspired works, and hitherto recordings have done no more than confirm this view; but Johanna Martzy, with Berlin Phil/Fricsay (**DG.), presents the music afresh, compelling us to recognise what there is of genuine music in an otherwise conventional piece. Two important examples of Dvorak's chamber music the *Piano Quintet, Op 81, and the **String Quartet, Op 105, come to us in most authoritative performances by the Barylli Quartet, admirably seconded, in the Quintet, by Edith Farnadi (N.). The A flat Quartet, which is perhaps Dvorak's finest, is excellently recorded, but in balancing the Quintet the engineers have allowed the strings, and especially the violins, to sound rather thin and shrill.

Those who enjoy Hindemith in his least scholastic mood are encouraged to consider a well-cast coupling of an early Violin Concerto with the *Four Temperaments* for piano and strings (*N.). Peter Rybar is the soloist in the first, Franz Holetschek in the second, with the Winterthur and Vienna Symphony Orchestras respectively, under Swoboda. Two **versions of the *Four Temperaments*—by now quite a popular work—are available, on 10-inch LPs; but the latest version is only slightly less immediate in sound, and the Violin Concerto, an arresting and even picturesque piece, is well worth the extra outlay. For the benefit of confirmed Hindemithians only I would draw attention to a vigorously played and faithfully recorded coup-

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ling of the two String Trios, composed in 1924 and 1933 (Pougnet/Riddle/Pini.**N.). The second of these severe but thoughtful works is much the better of the two (the first contains an obdurately hideous fugue), and the trio gives a careful and resolute account of the music.

Hans von Benda's chamber orchestra must be one of the best bodies of its kind in existence and it is always a pleasure to salute their records, the most recent of which contains two of Bach's periwigged Suites—gay and flamboyant music of the Cöthen period, played with an artful combination of zest and majesty. The recording (*T.), though a little hard in forte, is very realistic. A similar and required zest is rather lacking in the LPO/Solti version of Kodaly's *Hary Janos* suite, which is coupled with a much more enduring work—Bartok's darkly magnificent Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta (*D.). The latter is in many ways an excellent performance, but for clarity of parts the old Byrns version (Cap.) remains unsurpassed.

In the whole range of Romantic chamber music there is nothing more heartening, or more chastely beautiful, than the two Piano Quartets of Gabriel Fauré. The first, in C minor, is the better known; but the second, in G minor, works its lovely material to more ingenious and satisfying effect. Members of the Robert Masters quartet, joined by a pianist, Kinloch Anderson, with a lively sense of style, give fervent and workmanlike, if not quite homogeneous, performances on two 12-inch LPs (*A.). The recording is a little dry and distinctly light on bass; but these faults can be corrected to give an agreeable result. The same company couples Walton's very early but far from negligible Piano Quartet (played by the above ensemble) with his Violin Sonata, played by Max Rostal and Kinloch Anderson (*A.). The performances will give pleasure, although the recording suffers from the same slight faults as do the Fauré Quartets.

Three outstanding piano issues claim attention: Schumann's Fantaisie in C major (Foldes.**DG.); Chopin's Preludes (Askenase.**DG.); and the complete set of Bach's Partitas, complete on three discs (Badura-Skoda.*N.). The first of these issues is extravagantly presented, on a 10-inch disc; but those who love the work will have to have this version, for Andor Foldes manages, much more successfully than any of his competitors, the difficult task of welding together into a convincing whole the big effects, the tender lyrical sections, and the unwieldy pianism, of this fine work. In his handling of the Preludes—as before in his exquisite version of the Second Piano Concerto—Stefan Askenase shows himself an almost ideal interpreter of Chopin. One may not agree with everything he does in these so various pieces, but I doubt whether the set as a whole will soon be surpassed. In the Partitas Badura-Skoda shows a detailed understanding of Bach's keyboard style that is impressive in so young a man; he convinces one, besides, that these splendid suites can sound just as well on the piano as on the harpsichord—if not better, Mme Landowska would not, I imagine, agree with this view; but the inimitable grandeur of her conceptions, superbly exemplified in a new recital of miscellaneous pieces by Bach (**HMV), is altogether too exceptional to establish a rule. The influence of her style has not, I think, been uniformly happy—any more than has that of another great contemporary teacher, Nadia Boulanger. That remarkable harpsichordist, Fernando Valenti, for instance, often seems to me to mistake violence for strength. His two most recent offerings, one a recital of eighteenth-century Spanish music (*N.), the other a coupling of Rameau's Suites in A minor and E major (*N.), contain much that is thrilling and imaginative: neither should be neglected; but this player's touch is on occasion tastelessly hefty. Rameau's Suites are very fine music: they are majestic, but also graceful; and grace, unfortunately, is a quality that does not seem to come within Mr. Valenti's purview.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competition

No. 1,335

Set by Peter Pastmaster

Much interest has been aroused by Miss Nancy Mitford's lecture on "Upper Class Usage" in a recent essay. Basing herself upon a Birmingham professor, Miss Mitford proffered a series of examples of U and non-U Usage. For instance:

Cycle is non-U against U *bike*.
Dinner: U-speakers eat *luncheon* in the middle of the day and *dinner* in the evening. Non-U-speakers (also U-children and U-dogs) have their *dinner* in the middle of the day.
Greens is non-U for U *vegetables*.
Home: non-U—"they have a lovely *home*"; U—"they've a very nice *house*."

The usual prizes are offered for a dialogue between a U and a non-U-speaker on the news that the Duke of Marlborough has installed a milk-bar for the use of visitors to Blenheim. Limit, 200 words. Entries by October 4.

Result of No. 1,332

Set by Tom Bowling

"Spoke to nobody. Never had a pal. Only played ring-o-roses with young women." Competitors are asked to match this homely description of D. H. Lawrence by inventing similar blunt judgments on three famous men or women by people who knew them in their youth.

Report

To look at greatness with the cool eye of the acquaintance who knew it before fame set in turned out to be an unexpectedly difficult assignment. After-knowledge would keep breaking in, twisting the candid memory into the potted biography. Such was Peter Metcalfe's Churchill:

> Bone idle at school. Went into the Army. Too lazy even for that, drifted into politics. Had some success.

Or the fragments of memory would be reassembled too neatly, as in J. R. Till's General Booth:

> Monday he broke his trumpet—Tuesday did the drum in. Should have joined the Army! T'would have been his salvation.

What we looked for was, as in the D. H. Lawrence example, a snapshot of action or attitude that would be new, perhaps startling, but on reflection seen to be entirely in character. Happy phrases in this line were found in Findlay P. Murdoch's Ruskin ("Never went swimming with the other boys"), in Valerie Ranzetta's Wells ("Terrified his teacher with his essays"), Allan M. Laing's Sidney Webb ("I don't believe he could tell the difference between a cricket bat and a golf club") and H. T. S.'s Arnold Bennett ("Give him sixpence and he'd open an account with a Building Society").

No competitor produced three winners; Hans Keller and E. C. Jenkins scored two apiece and each win a guinea. Half a guinea each to J. R. Till, H. T. S., Elizabeth McCann, H. A. C. Evans, Findlay P. Murdoch, Seumas and Ethel Talbot Scheffauer.

FREUD

Goody-goody. Hated fairy tales but always wanted to know about the chaps who wrote them.

KAFKA

Balmy. Ate lemons like oranges. Made us play "Seek and don't hide."

HANS KELLER

GILBERT HARDING

One of those kids always seen and always hurt. He had to be the batsman and never out.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Continually asking embarrassing questions, rummaging in the attic, and pestering cook for cakes. Nice boy, but nosey.

E. C. JENKINS

BERKELEY
Master George would look straight through me sometimes. Too many ideas in his head for a lambkin.
J. R. TILL

DUKE OF WELLINGTON
Quiet young lad. Played the violin a bit. Never saw him on the playing fields at Eton.
H. T. S.

SHAKESPEARE
Never did his own homework. Put his name to anything, would Will. Not that he could spell even that.
ELIZABETH MCCANN

OLIVER CROMWELL
A conceited warthog. Surly and glum. Smashed other children's toys. Broke up their games. In fact, a bloody nuisance all round.
H. A. C. EVANS

BERNARD SHAW
Proud as a peacock he was. But always kept himself bottled up. Not like his old dad.
FINDLAY P. MURDOCH

JAMES VI and I
Ane girnand Bairn with greit drede off Bogilis and his coat slevis wes aye befoulit quhare he dychtit his Nose.
SEUMAS

SHAKESPEARE (by his Old Squire)
No deer, no doxy safe from 'en; prated more in a minute than a man could digest in a twelve-month.
ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

The Chess Board

No. 312 Caissa is a Female

It seems odd that the deity of Chess is assumed to be a Goddess gifted with the usual female and indeed some charmingly feminine attributes. It seems odd because Chess is obviously and primarily a man's game; and while I do not hold with misogynists who would stress their deplorable notions by pointing to the dearth of female prowess at Chess, yet we cannot deny that no woman has ever come anywhere near grand-master strength. True enough, contemporary Chess is graced by some ladies of quite respectable master strength, but I still think that Vera Menchik was the greatest woman player of all times, and in her own day, of course, she reigned supreme. It seems strange to speak of " her own day " since, but for her untimely and tragic death in the war she would be only fifty now. To the new generation she has already come to be a mere legend, but there are still a good many of us who remember her not merely as a highly gifted and extremely sound chess-player, but even more as a most charming and kindly person, ever modest of her own achievements and ever helpful to her many friends. Here is a fine game she won against Sir George Thomas in the London Tournament of 1932.

(1)	P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(13)	Kt-Kt3	B-Q2
(2)	P-QB4	P-KKt3	(14)	P-KR4	P-R5
(3)	Kt-QB3	B-Kt2	(15)	P-R5	Q-Kt1
(4)	P-K4	P-Q3	(16)	B-R6	Q-R2
(5)	P-B3	O-O	(17)	B x B	K x B
(6)	B-K3	P-K4	(18)	Kt-B5 ch !	Kt x Kt
(7)	KKt-K2	P-Kt3	(19)	KtP x Kt	P-R6
(8)	Q-Q2	Kt-B3	(20)	P-B6 ch !	K-R1
(9)	P-Q5	Kt-K2	(21)	Q-R6	P x P ch
(10)	P-KKt4 !	Kt-Q2	(22)	K-Kt1	R-KKt1
(11)	R-Kt1 !	P-QR4	(23)	P x P	P x P
(12)	O-O-O	Kt-QB4	(24)	Q x RP ch !	resigns

And here is how she trounced Yates on her very first appearance (Scarborough 1928) in an International Master Tournament.

(1)	P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(18)	P-QKt4 !	P x P
(2)	P-QB4	P-KKt3	(19)	Kt x BP	Kt x Kt
(3)	P-KKt3	B-Kt2	(20)	P x KKt !	Kt-R5
(4)	B-Kt2	O-O	(21)	Kt x P	B-B4
(5)	P-K4	P-Q3	(22)	B-Q4 !	Q-Q2
(6)	Kt-K2	Kt-B3	(23)	QR-K1	P-R3
(7)	O-O	P-K4	(24)	Kt-Kt3	K-R2
(8)	P-Q5	Kt-Kt1	(25)	Kt x B	P x Kt
(9)	QKt-B3	QKt-Q2	(26)	B-KB3 !	QR-K1
(10)	P-KR3	P-QR4	(27)	B-R5	R-K5
(11)	K-R2	Kt-B4	(28)	R x R	P x R
(12)	B-K3	P-Kt3	(29)	R-KKt1	B x B
(13)	Q-Q2	P-R5	(30)	B-Kt6 ch !	K-R1
(14)	QR-Kt1	Kt-R4	(31)	Q x B ch	Q-Kt2
(15)	P-QKt4	P x P e.p.	(32)	Q x Q ch	K x Q
(16)	P x P	P-B4	(33)	B-K8 ch	K-R1
(17)	P-B4	BP x P	(34)	B x Kt	resigns

A: V. Menchik 1929

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White played (1) R x P, and since the R was taboo on account of Q-R8 ch he expected Vera to resign. How did she thwart him, forcing his own resignation a few moves later? B and C are both wins for White, not too difficult, I hope, for 6 and 7 ladder-points.

B: Leonid Kubbel 1928

C: B. Horwitz 1853

Usual prizes. Entries by October 3.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 309. Set September 3

A: (1) . . . Kt x P (b4). (2) R x Kt, Kt x Kt. (3) Q x P ch etc. (2) . . . R-KB1 was preferable.

B: (1) P-B7, R-K5 ch ! (2) K-Kt3 ! (not R3?), R-K6 ch. (3) K-B2, R-KB6. (4) R-Kt3 ! R-B7 ch. (5) K-Kt3 ! (B1?), R-QKt7 ch. (6) K-R4 ! R-Kt1. (7) R-QR3 ch., K-Kt7. (8 R-Kt3 ch. !, R x R. (9) P queens, etc.

If (1) . . R-KB8? (2) R-Kt1 ! etc.

C: (1) B-Kt5, P-Kt6. (2) R-Q2 ch., K-R8. (3) P-B7! R x B (4) P—Q, R-Kt8 ch. (5) R-Q1, R-Kt7. (6) Q-QR3 ch., R-R7 (7) R-Q2 ! ! R x Q. (8) R-QKt2! R-R7. (9) R-Kt1 mate.

If (3) B-K3? P-Kt7 ch. (4) R x P, R x P. (5) B-Q4, R-B6 ch (6) K-B2, P-R6! (7) R-Kt1 ch., K-R7. (8) R x R stalemate.

If (3) . . P-R6. (4) R-Q1 etc.

If (5) . . . P-Kt7 ch. (6) K-B2 ch., etc.

Many competitors dropped a few points by failing to see all the subtleties of C. Only A. J. Roycroft got it completely right, thereby earning 1st prize while the 2nd is held over to augment next week's prize fund.
ASSIAC

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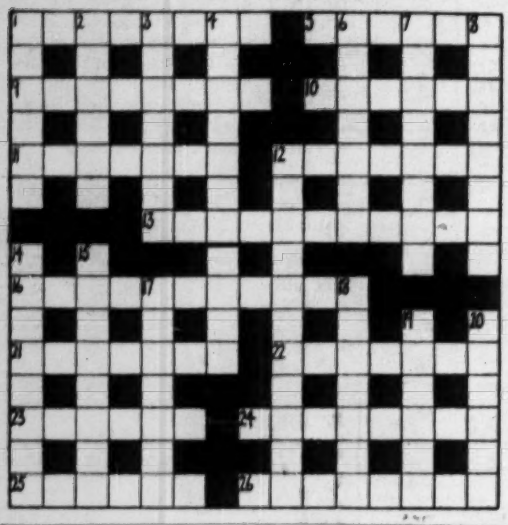
Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 171, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Oct. 4.



ACROSS

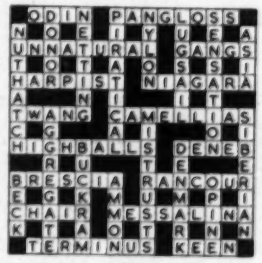
1. A cinema extra I love opportunity (8).
5. An artist with an illness is in a stew (6).
9. Bushman or civic dignitary? (8).
10. Perhaps I threw cleaner (6).
11. A means of catching may be granted (7).
12. Negro possessing some skill in drawing (7).
13. Without piano and mixed choirs this instrument would be difficult (11).
16. Change about a hundred for the sake of argument (11).
21. A girl and her passion for a historian (7).
22. In Sussex started with a single (7).
23. In broken noses I discover the organic basis of bone (6).
24. The remedy grows stale and spoils (8).
25. Giving treatment for an animal with something wrong inside (6).
26. Without a struggle this plant would form a border (8).

DOWN

1. The film star is nothing more than a class of commodity (6).
2. Hard time for the gold town (6).
3. Place in the Atlantic or in the Pacific (7).
4. Paris model for a copy? (7, 4).
6. Graduate with a possible chair of language (7).
7. "And prove their doctrine —— By apostolic blows and knocks" (Butler) (8).
8. A number about to go off to sleep in the song (8).
12. Chastising the actors and me with detention (11).
14. A friend may give this dance on a weapon (8).
15. Literary men pen catalogues (8).
17. Island get-together (7).
18. Crustacea like Poseidon's sons? (7)
19. A girl, a soldier and a ring come together slowly (6).
20. Momentarily bright like the remains of the cigarette in the carriage (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 169



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 169

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PERSONAL

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UNIVERSITY of Tasmania. The Council of the University of Tasmania is about to consider the appointment of a Vice-Chancellor as from January 1, 1957, and invites enquiries from persons with a knowledge of and interest in academic administration. Salary and conditions will be communicated to enquirers. Enquiries should be addressed to the Registrar, University of Tasmania, Box 647C, G.P.O., Hobart. A. S. Preshaw, Registrar.

AUSTRALIA—University of Melbourne. Applications are invited for a position of Lecturer in Indonesian in the Department of Indonesian and Malayan Studies. The appointee will be expected to take up duty on or about March 1, 1956. Applicants should preferably be University graduates and should possess experience in teaching the Indonesian language (Bahasa Indonesia) to English-speaking students. Applicants may be required to present themselves for an interview in their country of residence. The salary range will be at least £A1,300 to £A1,650 per annum. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is November 15, 1955.

THE University of Leeds. Appointment of Assistant Bursar. Applications are invited for the above post, which is concerned primarily with the financial administration of the University. The initial salary will be fixed according to the successful candidate's experience and qualifications, but will not be less than £1,000 a year. Full particulars and the conditions of the appointment may be obtained from the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2, to whom applications (three copies), giving the names of three referees should be submitted not later than October 22, 1955.

UNIVERSITY of New England. Applications are invited for the position of Warden (Male) of Students with status and salary of a professor. Salary is £A3,000 per annum subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be expected to commence duties early in 1956. The Warden of Students will be responsible for the welfare and discipline of students within the University. He may also be required to undertake some teaching duties. The successful applicant will be eligible for appointment as Master of University College when it is built. Applications will only be considered from persons of suitable personality possessing high academic qualifications and with proved experience in dealing with young men and women of undergraduate age. Intending applicants should write for further information regarding Conditions of Appointment, duties, housing and future prospects to the undersigned with whom applications (two copies, together with a recent photograph) close on October 31, 1955. For the benefit of overseas applicants, this information may also be obtained from the Secretary, The Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, with whom an additional copy of the application must be lodged by the same date. W. M. Robb, Registrar, University of New England, Armidale, N.S.W., Australia.

UNIVERSITY of Hull. Committee for Education in H.M. Forces. Applications are invited from men and women graduates for the post of Assistant Secretary to the Committee. Salary range £550 by £50 to £700 with superannuation and children's allowances. Further particulars from the Registrar, the University, Hull, to whom applications (six copies) should be sent by October 14, 1955.

AYCLIFFE SCHOOL. Principal: John Gittins, M.A., B.Sc. Applications are invited for the post of Warden of the Classifying School which will become vacant on January 1. Burnham Scale plus four increments, plus a Special Responsibility Allowance of £175, plus an allowance for extraneous duties of £156. A large modern bungalow is available at a rental (including rates) of £52 per annum. This is a post of exceptional scope and interest, requiring organising ability, psychological insight, and initiative. Applicants should write in the first instance for further information to the Principal, Aycliffe School, Copelaw, Aycliffe, Darlington.

CO-OPERATIVE Education. The Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., invites applications for the following posts:—Adult Education Organiser to supervise and promote classes, lecture courses and other activities within the education committee's extensive plan for such work. Youth Organiser to develop leisure-time activities for children and adolescents associated with the national co-operative youth movement. Experience of educational work within the co-operative movement desirable. Salary in each case £600 p.a., plus bonus. Superannuation scheme. No living accommodation available. Details and application forms, to be returned by September 29, from the Education Secretary, 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Post of Special Responsibility: Deputy Headmistress, Eltham Green Secondary School, Queenscroft Road, Eltham, S.E.9. Headmaster: Mr. R. H. Davies, M.Sc. A new secondary school for about 2,000 boys and girls to be opened in September, 1956. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as Deputy Headmistress to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Burnham (London) scale salary with substantial special allowance at present £350 a year but likely to be appreciably increased. There will be provision for academic courses, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary and advanced levels) and for courses in preparation for advanced studies in catering, commerce and engineering. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms EO/TS10 (Eltham Green) to be obtained from and returned to the Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by October 7. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and who have no particulars to add may apply on form EO/TS10B. Post of Special Responsibility: Deputy Headmaster, New County Secondary School for Boys at Upper Tulse Hill, S.W.2. Headmaster: Mr. C. Thomas, M.A. A new secondary school for about 2,000 boys to be opened in September, 1956. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as Deputy Headmaster to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Burnham (London) scale with substantial special allowance at present £350 a year but likely to be appreciably increased. There will be provision for academic courses, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary and advanced levels) and for courses in preparation for advanced studies in Building, Engineering and Commerce. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability, and a variety of teaching experience, and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms EO/TS10 (U.T.H.) to be obtained from and returned to the Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by October 7. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and who have no particulars to add may apply on form EO/TS10B. (1522.)

B.B.C. Television Service requires accompanist with first-class technical ability, expert in all types of accompanying and rehearsal work, ability to transpose and with some orchestral experience (organ, celeste, etc.), especially in the field of light music. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1251 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

ROYAL Commission on Historical Monuments (England): Investigator. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for at least one pensionable post. Age at least 22 and under 26 on September 1, 1955, with extension for Forces service, established civil service, and exceptional qualifications. Candidates should normally have a University degree in archaeology, history or other appropriate subject, preferably with first- or second-class honours, or have special archaeological experience. Some ability in architectural drawing an advantage. London salary scales, £513, rising to £925 (£835 for women, but being improved under equal pay scheme). Somewhat lower in provinces. Starting pay may be increased for approved post-graduate experience, and for compulsory Forces service. Good prospects of promotion. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, W.1, quoting 4502/55. Application forms to be returned by October 8, 1955.

MINISTRY of Education: Victoria and Albert Museum. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for 2 posts of Research Assistant (Grade II), one in the Department of Textiles and one in the Library. Age at least 22 on July 1, 1955. Candidates must have an Arts degree (a degree in Economics will be accepted for this purpose) and reading knowledge of one Modern foreign language; but exceptionally candidates without these qualifications will be considered if they have experience of special value to the Museum. Knowledge of textile history or techniques and qualification or experience in librarianship an advantage. Starting salary £453 (women £448) at age 22 up to £575 (women £537) at 26 or over. Maximum £700 (women £614). Women's scale being improved under equal pay scheme. Promotion prospects. Particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4503/55. Completed application forms must be returned by October 15, 1955.

THE Workers' Educational Association. North Staffs. District. Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Assistant. Initial salary in accordance with experience, and not less than £450 p.a. Particulars of duties and form of application from: W.E.A., 2 Broad Street, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent. Closing date for applics. October 31.

PERMANENT or temporary assistant required in Fabian Bookshop. £5 per wk. Pref. male under 25. Write to The Manager, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Applications are invited for the position of Temporary Lecturer in German. The appointment will be for a period of two years. The Temporary Lecturer will be expected to take up duties not later than the beginning of March, 1956. Applicants must be of German birth and education and must have graduated recently from a German University in the Faculty of Arts or Letters. The Temporary Lecturer will be required to give such instruction as may be required by the Head of the Department—which will be mainly in the History of Literature, Discussion of Texts, and the conduct of conversation classes. The salary will be according to qualifications within the range £1,200-£1,750 (Australian) per annum. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is October 24, 1955.

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1955, but early application is advised as an earlier closing date may be announced. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The Scientific posts cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist for candidates who have special knowledge of, or who are interested in palæobotany, and recent and pleistocene mammals. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates taking their degrees in 1955 may apply before the result of their degree examination is known. *Age Limits:* Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted; for Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1955 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: (men) £1,070-£1,245; (women) £933-£1,137. Scientific Officers: (men) £513-£925; (women) £513-£835. Women's scales subject to improvement under equal pay scheme. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/55 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/55 for Scientific Officers.

GRANADA TV Network require young Architects and Architectural Assistants in London and Manchester to help in the work of planning their Television Centre. Write, giving age and full particulars of training and experience, to Sidney L. Bernstein, 36 Golden Square, London, W.1.

WHY not be a Tuberculosis Nurse? Do you know that you can become a fully trained Tuberculosis Nurse in two years and be paid during training an allowance of £245-£255 a year, plus dependant's allowance, and a special allowance of £60 on completion of two years' training? Full Tuberculosis Staff Nurse's salary (£372 10s.-£472 10s. a year) payable from date of passing final examination. Modern nurses' home with separate bedrooms and good recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Write now to the Matron, The Bow Arrow Hospital Dartford, Kent.

MALADJUSTED children. Bodenham Manor still needs a young woman as Assistant Matron (£150 × £10 × £200) and a practical Handyman (£235), plus board, lodging and laundry in each case. Married couple would be considered, but no accommodation for children. Apply W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor Bodenham, nr. Hereford.

TUTOR organiser, full- or part-time, to assist with Refresher and Training Courses for old people's welfare workers. Mainly in London. Salary at rate of £500 per annum. Apply to the National Old People's Welfare Council (from whom further particulars may be obtained), 26 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1, stating experience and qualifications, by October 8.

ASSISTANT Wardens required for boys' hostels in London and Cambridge. Some youth club or similar experience necessary. Commencing salary £4 per week, live in, all found. Applications to The S.O.S. Society, 24 Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

YOUTH club leader, experienced, required December or January for Kensington area, whole or part-time. For details of salary, pension scheme, etc., apply to: Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready Street, N.W.8.

APPEAL to women with a Christian vocation. C. of E. Maternity Home urgently requires kitchen matron and laundry matron. Hard but rewarding work with very young girls. Apply, stating experience, to Hon. Sec., St. Faith's, Benenden, Maidstone.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GRANADA TV Network, Ltd., requires experienced senior TV Cameraman for their Manchester Television Centre. Write giving full particulars to R. H. Hammans, Chief Planning Engineer, Granada Theatres, Ltd., 36, Golden Square, London, W.1.

THE Society of Authors requires Secretary/Shorthand-Typist interested literature. 5-day wk. Salary according to age, education & experience. Apply in writing to the Secretary, 84 Drayton Gardens, S.W.10.

TELEPHONE operator/filing clerk, typing ability and knowledge of German an advantage. Box 9779.

TYPIST wanted (about 21-25) to train as Secretarial Assistant in a London correspondence school. Interesting, progressive opening. Commencing salary £7. Write stating age, speed and experience to Box 9734.

OLD-ESTABLISHED Publishers require sec.-shorthand-typist. No Sats. Box 9934.

SECRETARY for director of large company. Aptitude figures essential. £500 p.a. Also secretary with personality & good command English. £500 p.a. Apply Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. WEL. 4559.

ASSISTANT (female) wanted for general office work. School-leaver, or older. 9.30-5.15. 5-day week. Prospects. Write or 'phone (FLE. 7676). Brandis-Davis Advertising Agency, Ltd., 231 Strand W.C.2.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries wanted for temporary work on our emergency staff, 10-5, no Sats. £7 10s. Dutton's Sec. Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

CLERKS (up to 40) of good education reqd. for numerous attract. posts frequently avail. at Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

EDUCATED women can always find suitable secretarial posts speedily through the St. Stephen's Secretariat, whether they are looking for responsible positions carrying high salaries or temporary posts with short hours. 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, Victoria and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus.

PART-time typing and other office vacancies exist at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, London, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

PRIVATE Secretary, presently engaged Dublin, desires change to England; best qualifications in shorthand, typing, bookkeeping; 8 years' experience Accountants' Office. Box 9810.

FRENCHWOMAN, 29, sec., trans., interpreter Eng./Ger., seeks post. Box 9893.

FRENCH girl, 23, typing, commerc. exp., fluent Engl., knowl. Span., s.s. full/pt. time employment Central London. Box 9915.

YOUNG woman, many years book-trade (scientific & medical), secretarial exp., languages, seeks respons. position. Box 9701.

YOUNG wom., sec. exp., wide interests, wd. work 3-4 evenings wkly. Box 9781.

S/T. Secretary, experienced, good German, French, seeks post Central London. Min. £9. Box 9872.

MARRIED woman, 33, requires interesting part-time post. Wide experience social conditions in England, Canada. Good typist and administrator. London area. Box 9741.

£6-£12. Interesting posts. Call at once. Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke Street, W.1. MAYfair 6626.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

ABROAD. B.A. Hons. London 1953, 27, single, German, French, Russian, Italian. Experience in translating, teaching, journalism, touring, export, interest in Arts, Politics, Economics, Knowl. 19 countries W. Europe, Middle East. Driver, typist. Box 9891.

GERMAN Sec. Sh./dictaphone-typist, Teleprinter, fair Engl. (Shorth. 70 w.p.m.), 33, seeks post soon/later. Afternoons or by the hour consid. London/abroad. Box 9879.

MAN, middle thirties, with ten years' organising, selling and administrative experience, desires responsible position end of year. Box 9798.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Co-education 3 to 18. Full or weekly boarding and day school. Headmaster, James Cunningham East, M.A.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

THE Town & Country Day School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (Primrose 4306.) Small group of weekly or full boarders accepted. Boys and girls 5-18 educated for General Certificate of Education and the Universities. Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. TEM. 3334, 7.30 (ex. M.) St. Sn. 5, 8. "The Burnt Flower-Bed." Mems.

UNITY: "The Road to Life," by Anton Makarenko. Fri., Sat., Sun., at 7.45. Membership 2s. 6d. a year. EUS. 5391.

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. The Sheep Well, opening Tues., Sept. 27, 7.45. Sats. 5.30 & 8.30 MARy 4973.

PRINCES, Sept. 23, 7.30, 2.30, 7.30 (Sun. 4.30, 7.15). Filmed Salzburg Festival perf. Mozart's Don Giovanni (U). Bkble.

SHAW Recital by Terence O'Brien & Ruth Spalding; Sept. 23, 6.45 p.m. Shaw Soc., at 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Non-mems 2s. 6d.

HAMMERSMITH Film Society, new season starts Thurs., Sept. 29, 7.30 p.m. Programmes include: Les Enfants Terribles; The Life of Emile Zola; A Nous La Liberté; The Reckless Moment; The White Haired Girl; Philadelphia Story; My Universities; The Imposter; Ivan the Terrible; Krakatit; The Navigator. Write to Town Hall, London, W.6, for detailed brochure.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Sept. 25: "The Little World of Don Camillo" (U). From Sept. 26: "The Return of Don Camillo" (U). "Bow Bells" (U).

NATIONAL Film Th 5th. Bank. Wat. 3232. Open to public Sat., Sept. 24. Irene Dunne in "I Remember Mama" (U). Dir.: George Stevens. 2.0, 4.0, 6.0, 8.0.

ROXY Repertory Cinema, BAY 2345. Sept. 25. Full House, 5 O'Henry Stories (U).

FILM "Song of the Rivers," Paul Robeson's voice, music Shostakovitch. Institute, Hampstead Garden Suburb, N.W.11. 8 p.m. Wed., Sept. 28. Adm. 1s. H.G.S. Communist Party.

LEWISHAM Film Society. Hit. 5422. Unitarian Hall, next Central Library. Fri., Sept. 23, & Sat., Sept. 24, at 8. "Ten Best Amateur Films of 1954." Public perfs. Adm. 2s.

VALLEY View Fellowship Camp presents its "Autumn Dance" on Sat., Sept. 24, at Victoria Halls (North Suite), Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. Frank Howard and his music, Len Kramer M.C., and Benny England, impressionist. Licensed bar. 7.30 p.m.-11.30 p.m. Admiss. at door, 6s.

"UNDER the Lanterns" Party to celebrate China's National Day Sat., Oct. 1, Royal Hotel, 8-12 p.m. Guest of Honour: Mr. Huan Hsiang, Chargé D'Affaires. Guest Artists presented by Harry Ross: Alan Loveday, Leonard Cassini, Miss Chin Yu and David Williams, Miss Julia Wu. Dance to Don Raine Young and his Music. Tickets 5s. 6d. from Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

BALL of Nations (Intern. Costume Ball), Oct. 5, Carlton Ballrooms, 140 Maida Vale, W.9. Adv. tickets 5s., Office "A.C.F.C.," 1028 High Rd., N.20. 'Phone: HIL. 4054.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Dancing to Norman Jackson's Noveltones. 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Memorial Exhib. Painting & Sculpture by William Ohly; Daily 10-6; Sat. 10-1.

"DESIGN for Sleep." Heal's bedding specialities for individual needs. Extra wide and long beds, firm mattresses, soft mattresses, space-saving beds, etc. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art. Paintings, craft work. Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W.1. 10-5 until September 30. 1s., children 6d. Organised by "The Sunday Pictorial."

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Victor Willing, Paintings. Frosso Eftimiadi, Sculpture. Open until Oct. 1.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Millichip, Souza, Christoforou, King, Weatherson: recent work.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of paintings by Angelica Kauffmann. Adm. free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Paintings & Drawings by Boudin, Corot, Courbet, Degas, F/Latour, Picasso, Signac and others. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

NATIONAL Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Fifth Exhibition of International Book Design. Daily 11-5, Thursdays 11-8. Non-members 1s. 3d.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Original Pavilion furniture lent from Buckingham Palace by gracious wish of H.M. the Queen. Gold plate and silver by Regency craftsmen. The State and Private apartments completely furn. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily, inc. Sunday.

"POWER to Your Elbow." Labour-saving appliances; washing machines, food mixers, polishers, refrigerators, model kitchens, etc. Demonstrations. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ITALIAN Institute, 39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Exhibition of Italian Handicrafts. Sept. 16-30. Mon.-Fri.: 10 a.m.-7 p.m. Sat.: 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Closed Sundays. Adm. Free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Michael Ayrton: an exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculpture, book illustration and stage design, 1944-1955. Week days 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

IMPERIAL Institute, S.W.7. Native Life in South Africa. Paintings by Dezso Konig. Until Oct. 3. Wkdays. 10-4.30. Suns. 2.30-6. Admn. free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Recent work by Brenda Chamberlain and Selection from R. D. S. May Collection.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. A Special Evening Preview for members and their guests of the Arts Council Gauguin Exhibition at the Tate Gallery on September 28 before its opening. Tickets 12s. 6d. members, 15s. guests. Evening Dress; Refreshments; Bar. Apply C. A. S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1, for membership from 1 guinea.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Two special receptions for members: October 4. Evening Preview Desnoyer Exhibition at Marlborough Fine Art, Ltd. October 26, Evening Preview Hayden and Ruskowski Exhibition, Roland, Browse & Delbanco. Apply C. A. S., Tate Gall., S.W.1, for invitation.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Adm. Free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19, Cork St., W.1. Rect. Sclptre. by Emilio Greco; Fine French paintings, 19th & 20th Century.

STOKE Newington Library Hall, Edward's Lane, N.16. Exhibition of Sculpture and Paintings by Max Sokol and Henry Sanders. 2-9 p.m. daily, September 26-October 1, inclusive. Admission Free. Bus route 73 or 67 to Stoke Newington Town Hall.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by John Bratby. 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

WILTON Gallery, 2 Motcomb St., S.W.1. Frederick Konekamp, Renate Friedlander, Rosamond Jevons, Patricia Russell: Recent works, until October 15; 10-5.30; 10-1.

BRITISH Watercolours & Drawings from the Gilbert Davis Collection (Second Series). Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Oct. 22, Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6, Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission free.

WILTON Gallery, Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. The Cotllwyd Group until October 15.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W.1. September. Tuesday 27, 8 p.m. Jazz: Film: "Jammin' the Blues." Lecture Recital: "Count Basie's Band Old and New," by Raymond Horricks. Members 2s. 6d., Guests 3s. 6d. Thursday 29, 8.15 p.m. First of series of five lectures on British Art Movements of the Twentieth Century: "The New English Art Club," by Andrew Forge. Details of course bookings from ICA, GRO. 6186, or on 29th, single lectures, Members 2s., Guests 3s. Membership invited.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public lect. Sun. 8 p.m., Sept. 25: "Practical Brotherhood."

BUDDHIST Society. Public Lectures, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Wed., Sept. 28, 6.30 p.m. Ven. Gunasiri Thera, "The Buddha's Doctrine of Kamma." Thurs., Sept. 29, 6.30 p.m. Beginners' Class for Public. Course I, No. 1 (of 4 lectures). Read "The Middle Way," 2s. 6d. quarterly.

BE an M.P. Join Hampstead Parliament, Britain's oldest and liveliest mock parliament. Wed. evenings 8-10.30 p.m. Hampstead Town Hall (opposite Belsize Park Tube Station). Resumes Sept. 28 at 7.45 p.m. Visitors welcome. Details from Miss Dobson, 6 Eagle Court, 69 High Street, N.8.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

KINGSLEY Martin on "India Revisited." Fri., Sept. 30. 7.30 p.m. Alliance Hall, Caxton Street, S.W.1. Film Show. Tkts. 2s. 6d. (refreshments) from India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2. (TRA. 6465.)

HERBERT Read, Eric Newton, Feliks Topolski, Nan Youngman, Prid Lasenby—Brains Trust at Social, I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1, Sept. 23. 7.30-11.30. Tickets at door, 2s. 6d. Organised by Society for Education Through Art, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

HENDON Poetry & Writers Gp. Tues., 8.15. "Mod. American Verse." HEN. 7440.

PROF. G. D. H. Cole speaks on Socialism & Democratic Control of Industry. World Socialist Movement invites you to Friends' Ho., Euston Rd., Mon., Oct. 3, 7.30.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. October 1, 6 p.m. Film "Paris Waltz."

BRAINS Trust on Vegetarianism. Caxton Hall, Wednesday, September 28, 7.30 p.m. Question Master: Canon Edward Carpenter. Panel: Mrs. E. Lyn Harris, M.A. (Education), Mrs. Isobel James, M.A. (Catering), Dr. Douglas Latto, M.B., Ch.B.(Health), D.Obst., R.C.O.G., M.R.C.O.G., F. Newman Turner (Farming & Gardening). Admission free. Collection.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. No Sunday morning meeting. See page 364 re Public Meeting at 7 p.m. Margaret Knight on "Morals Without Religion." Chairman: Barbara Wootton.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PAR. 7379. Fri., Sept. 23, 8 p.m. Prof. Ilyn, "The Lyre of David in Russian Poetry." Sept. 30, 8 p.m. John Gregory, "The Russian School & English Ballet." Conversation classes every Fri., 6.30 p.m.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. "Property." Prof. W. A. Lewis, Wed., Sept. 28, 7.30. 90 Buckingham Palace Rd., S.W.1. (Royal Society of Health.) Visitors welc. 2s.

PERSONALIST Group. Discussion Social. J. B. Coats on Marxism, Existentialism and N. Sartre, Wed., Sept. 28, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2, at 7.30 p.m.

BAHA'I Centre, 27 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Public Meeting, 8 p.m., Thur., Sept. 29: "The Source and Purpose of Creation."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

GURDJIEFF—Six lectures by John G. Bennett on "Who is Man?" Conway Hall. Oct. 17 and 24, Nov. 3, 10, 14, 21. Prospectus from Lecture Secretary, Coombe Springs, Kingston-on-Thames.

HAMPSTEAD WEA courses: Progress & Problems of Internat. Organisation; Soc. Anthropology; Music; Lit.; Psychology. Leaflets at Public Libraries or PRI. 1722.

MORLEY College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1. New session opens Sept. 26. Evening lectures and classes for men and women: Politics, Economics, Current Affairs, History of London, English Language & Literature, Philosophy, Psychology, Science, Music, Theatre School, Art, Italic Handwriting, Languages, Physical Training, Fencing, Ballet & Folk Dancing. Social and athletic clubs. Library, Sports Ground. Canteen. Fees from 12s. 6d. a year. Details from Secretary. (WAT. 6872.)

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

"PLANNING for Retirement" (incl. beginners!), Oct. 14-16 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also "Making Xmas Gifts."

SCULPTURE, pottery, individual tuition in private studio, life class. Starting October 3 for advanced, beginners. Particulars from H. Nonnenmacher, A.R.B.S., 49 Hornsey Lane Gdns., N.6. MOU. 5788.

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